

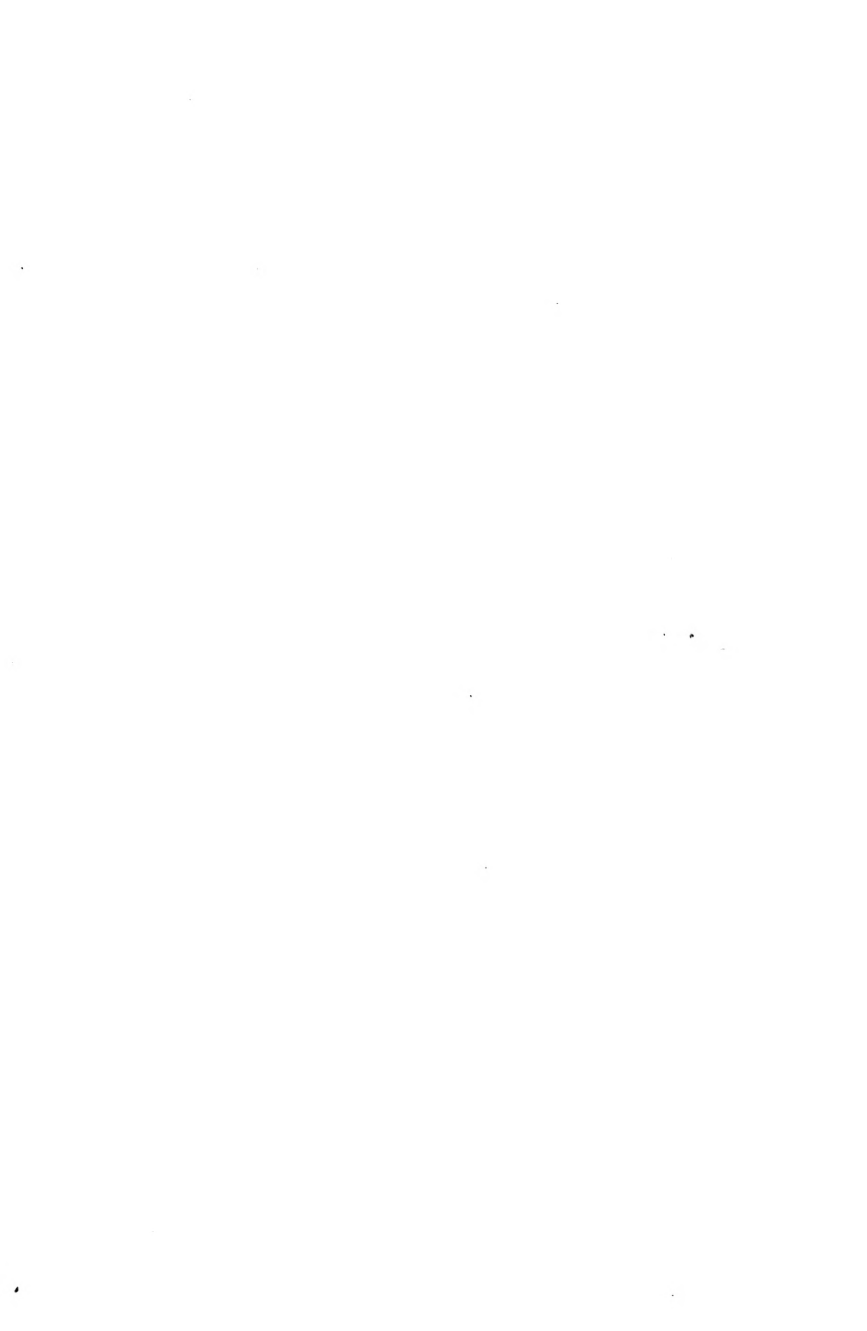


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Book 1

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SOME LETTERS

1917-1918

SOME LETTERS

WRITTEN TO

MAUDE GRAY AND MARIAN WICKES

1917-1918

BY

KATHERINE BLAKE

NEW YORK

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1920

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These letters are printed as they were written from France in those dark days of that last long year of the war.

They can pretend to no literary qualities—they are only the truthful record of one who lived through that terrible ordeal with the English and the French.

May this little book bring into the hearts of my compatriots a little more of our hereditary pride in Great Britain's courage and a little more of our glory in having shared in the victory of France's valiant spirit.

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November 9, 1917.

I am back at visiting the hospital and have a position at the mairie; an interesting work this last, but it takes it out of me. I have to give so much. You see, I take the official notification of death of this arrondissement to the nearest relative and get the papers filled in. Some days I go from the rich to the poor with such violent transitions that it seems incredible such extremes live so near each other.

I think I know the slums here now . . . some places are like illustrations to Eugene Sue's books. One day I had to break the news of her only son's death to a poor old woman . . . cook to a bachelor gentleman, and she sat rocking herself and saying only her daughter could comfort her. Well, the daughter was working in a laundry at the other side of Paris, but I found her and drove her to her mother and had the satisfaction of seeing that she had what she wanted.

The girl had no hat, an old black shawl on her head, and I don't believe she had ever ridden in a motor in her life.

Suddenly she spoke: "You are kind to us, you

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rich, but we must help each other these days.” I answered: “Our hearts are the same, we are suffering with the same sorrows.”

Oh, what I have seen sometimes makes me ache all through. These women are so brave, I could not suffer like that and bear it as they do.

And at the hospital it's the same. These people are the real people of France, those who are conquering. They are the ones who put “Boloism” to shame. What the outcome of all those scandals will be, I know not, but sometimes their possibilities frighten me, for it makes the people blind mad to know such things exist. If only they could clear all the scandals up and let the censorship remain on the shelf for a while, it would be better. A little knowledge is so dangerous.

They say here that Clemenceau will be the next Cabinet maker. He is a fighter and no mistake.

Russia's news to-day seems fantastic; I heard this afternoon the news had come that Kerensky had run away and no one knows where he has run to, and Mrs. L. told me she had received a letter from one of the Grand Dukes, saying the Czar was glad to go to Tobolsk to get his eldest daughter away from St. Petersburg as Kerensky wanted to marry her and make himself Czar.

Somebody told me the United States and Japan

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were going to jointly handle the Russian problem. What price will Japan ask? She asked high before—too high for the Allies to use her. Now, with Italy's situation everybody is gloomy except me. I think this Italian coup was Germany's last card to make it appear she was still victorious and to retain her control of Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. Then, before America is ready, to get peace, *her* peace. The pessimists say if Russia makes peace, a million German prisoners will be released . . . but what good will these men be after years in Russian prisons?

And Italy? I can't write what I think of that situation. But Cordona's order to shoot deserters seems to prove that he has been up against cowardice, to say the least.

Are the Germans aiming to conquer Italy and to get to Greece and put Constantine back? It would seem the Kaiser has three hopes: to restore the Czar, to restore Constantine and to frighten us all into making peace before our American troops are in the battle.

An Englishman said to me today, and he is just back from Passchendaele Ridge: "We know the Germans are beaten, Russia and Italy may delay the final victory, but we've got them." And the French soldier speaks the same way.

They say the Germans are planning great air raids over Paris for the spring but surely by then

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our aviation ought to be frightening them and knocking their marvellous Mercedes engines into kingdom come.

The American Red Cross seems to be sending workers over on every ship. I wish they would use the French women more than they do. There are many ladies in Paris in grand uniforms and many others going to the front, God knows why and how.

Even in the earthquake we are living in there are things to make me smile, but always there are tears in my soul. It's all frightful to me, this suffering, sometimes I cannot bear it. You over there don't know. Your complacent newspapers irritate me.

March 5, 1917.

Yesterday morning I had a paper to deliver from the mairie to a certain man. A harmless paper, only the official confirmation of the death of a young soldier on the battlefield in 1914. I went to the address. It was a small saloon. The place was crowded. A woman came forward and asked me my business.

"Come this way." We went into a back saloon, empty and dark. I gave her the paper with the necessary instructions.

"I will attend to this instead of my father," she said, "if madame will wait. You see it was this way. My father-in-law had three sons, one

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was killed, the other reported killed and the third taken prisoner. The news all came to him in one morning. He went crazy and now he is childish and nearly blind. We had hoped against hope that the second son was not really killed. This paper settles it."

She left me and went into another room to fill in the paper while I waited.

A halting step came down the hall and a man, no more than forty, but bent and blind and very old, groping his way with a cane, came into the room.

"Are you the lady with the paper? Tell me, where can I go and get my little boy's watch? I gave it to him long ago. If he is dead, really dead, they must have it at the mairie.

"I want the watch . . . you see I am blind because they are all gone, my poor little boys, and it doesn't really matter that I am blind for I have nothing to see any more . . . but oh, I want that watch."

What could I say or do to help him? Just nothing but sit there with him and his daughter-in-law and weep with them and then go away and into my own world again.

But we must win this war and crush this terrible menace out of civilization. I have told you this small story but if I wrote all I have seen . . . always silent courage, never a murmur, often "on les aura" even in their tears.

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Tell this story over there to some of those who don't understand.

Paris, November 15, 1917.

I do not think the American newspapers give a correct idea of things as they are. And I think it absolutely necessary for our people to appreciate the fact that America must help and help soon.

If it had not been for Russia and Italy, the war was won. Austria and Turkey were on the brink of separate peace.

We are a one-man machine. Lloyd George's speech yesterday struck the "nail on the head." I hope you have read it. I have absolute faith in our ultimate victory, but I feel this hour is a serious one and that our American politicians don't appreciate anything. The congressional party now touring over here is, I hear, quite dreadful. I don't believe they are seeing much. I am absolutely opposed to useless people coming over here and eating French food and using French coal and not doing anything to make it worth while.

I am opposed to the invasion of the A. R. C. and the Y. M. C. A. workers in their grand uniforms and the ladies in their Sam Brown belts and the canteen workers who bring their own maids with them to look after them and keep their boots polished. I am opposed to lots of things because, although the intentions are excel-

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lent, they are useless. No man and certainly no woman, ought to come over here unless they have definite and necessary work to do which they will stick to. I wish I could talk to you about many things.

We have some good men. Foch and Pétain are first-class. So was Nivelle.

Paris, December 27, 1917.

An old friend of mine who married a Russian reached Paris a short time ago. She managed to get out of Russia with her children and her husband is now in Stockholm on his way here too. He had great difficulty because he is a noble and Lenin and Trotsky won't let aristocrats out of the country. She was in Petrograd during the first two revolutions. Now she says she cannot understand the pessimism and nervousness she meets with here about the much-talked-of German advance with what they have on the Russian front and in Russia as prisoners. She says the Germans have not had anything much on the Russian front since Verdun. They discounted Russia with the fall of Broussiloff. As for the prisoners, she says one-third are tuberculous, one-third are busy and satisfied, and one-third may go back to Germany; but that Germany will have to send an army into Russia to get them out if she wants them.

Further, she said that for a long time Germany

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had not been able to get food out of Russia, as there is no food to spare and transport is impossible. Chaos everywhere and no sign of law and order. Some of the farmers may go with the Germans out of sheer fear of the Bolsheviks and hoping the Germans will restore order and give them a chance to work and feed their families. She says the great bulk of the people are too ignorant to know anything about the Allies and victory and defeat. They say that war is 24 hours away from them and that they want peace and food and no more revolutions.

So here you have Russian news which is not as discouraging for the cause of the Allies as it might be. She seemed to think more harm than good would come to Germany out of the Russian business.

To answer you about other matters. I can only repeat what I have said before: these coming three or four months are the most difficult because of London and Paris. The morale of the soldiers of both the British and French front is fine.

I don't believe the Germans have the strength in men and artillery that they had at Verdun, but I think they will try a hit at several points at once, hoping to force an issue before spring. We shall see.

Italian news is better. The French and English

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are backing up the Italians and I doubt if there is any more treason there. They tell me the Germans paid the Russian and Italian traitors with money they printed as they needed it with their own presses.

General Pershing visited Joe's hospital on Christmas eve. He went all over it and delighted the French blessés by speaking to them in French.

Paris, January 16, 1918.

I have not at all your point of view about the war. See this way: the Russian peace is not yet settled and probably won't be unless Germany licks the country into it. The German people were promised an immediate peace with Russia. They aren't getting it. The Germans are massing men and artillery all along our front, probably for an attack on either flank—Calais and Belfort.

The English and French say they can hold. That the Germans may advance at some point for several kilometers. Nothing much. Deadlock.

The German people have been promised a decisive victory at once on this front. If they don't get it . . . then what?

The German people are told that their soldiers are fighting for the country's future commercial life—Wilson and Lloyd George say there will be no commercial war after the war. The leaders

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see our papers; they—some of them—represent a peace party—then what?

French politics are better now than before. Clemenceau is honest. The army likes him. Caillaux is in jail. Our troops are coming over in thousands.

Given the foregoing facts, I see a defensive few months and then an American attack. The end in 1918. But *we* must deal a smashing blow. There must be a military victory.

The French morale is better now than ever, so is the English. Don't judge either nation by Londoners or Parisians.

To answer your questions about religion: all forms of religion are a help to men who are constantly facing death, and more men follow their creeds than before the war. The French priests are not like the Belgian and Italian priests—I am told these are no good. It is even claimed they are dangerous.

I have arranged for both Catholic and Episcopal services in the hospital every Sunday. The army chaplain in Paris is a professor from Groton. He calls on me when necessary and we cooperate with each other. So do I and the Catholic priests get on.

Paris, January 30, 1918.

The German offensive is expected in February. The army men say they are not going to get any-

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where. The Russian peace, especially the Ukrainian peace, hangs fire. Wait and see what Austria does. I see daylight ahead and should not be surprised if victory brought an Allied peace, not a German one, before January, 1919.

Things all look better and the Italian situation is clear.

Paris, January 31, 1918.

My first idea this morning was to send you a cable to let you know your husband is in Paris and that we were unhurt last night.

For two hours the guns and the bombs thundered. The bombs struck near here with a sickening noise that hurt me in the pit of my stomach: a horrid sensation. In a house a few blocks away the two top floors were demolished, but considering the numbers of German Fokkers, the damage was slight in Paris.

I saw most of the places this morning. Everywhere the people were furious and incensed. They were out in the streets in crowds, swearing revenge.

A friend of mine in the police told me about things and the official communiqué is to be published in the evening papers.

I suppose we can expect them every night for a while.

The Fokker which dropped the bombs not far from here flew so low over this house that we could hear the engines distinctly. We all stayed

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in our rooms. The children slept all through it, but I did not.

Paris, March 8, 1918.

Of course the French will be only too glad to welcome Americans over here after the war—they want them even now. There is already a “Division” of American women here. Wives and mistresses camouflaged in the A. R. C. and the Y. M. C. A.

There is so much tragedy in the world and so much sadness that sometimes it does me good to smile at the ladies and the dollars. Not the least important chapter of the war will be the account of how the army discovered society. As I observe current events I remember hearing my mother speak of how a certain prominent family discovered society in the 80's. It would seem that they had found it more difficult than the army is finding it.

Don't believe for a moment that Christopher Columbus died childless. Some day, somewhere we'll talk and speak the truth! Whatever you read in Wadsworth's speech might be applied to what I am talking of. . . . I've a good many more “if's” than you wrote and only hope they will not be written in red ink. We've got a big chance to do a big work and I hope to see the best of our country able to find expression in activities intelligently used to win our war.

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I refuse to worry about Russia. Let that drunken harlot drag Germany into her whirlpool. Germany is presently going to have a giant political indigestion. "Just wait and see," to quote old Asquith.

Paris, March 9, 1918.

While we were at a friend's house last night the raid started. The guns boomed and every now and then that sickening thud, the sound of a dropping bomb. We sat around the fire until half-past eleven when there was a lull and we came home through pitch darkness. Our hostess moved her children to the cellar. I am afraid of cellars. If the house comes down it means burial alive.

This morning I went to see the damage. In one place a bomb had exploded in the street. Every window in every house in the entire block was shattered. In another street two bombs had gone through a house. It was a fearful mess.

Three other places I saw which I could not describe without saying more than I ought to.

Last night we were well defended, but the Germans seemed to come in relays. However they got here I can't see for the barrage was terrific and the city absolutely black.

The people are incensed, just as they were the last time, and again I fail to see the good the Germans get out of it. The proprietor of this

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house who was ill in bed, died of fright. His house was not struck but a bomb exploded near by.

This time they did not seem to get very far into Paris, I mean our part of it. The children slept all through it.

I only hope those devils won't come back to-night. I wish I could work a barrage gun on them.

Fortoiseau, March 16, 1918.

The night of the last raid at dinner we were discussing raids and the chances of the Gothas returning. One guest started it and another was certain we were in for it. In the midst of our conversation the signal sounded and Joe went over to the hospital. The rest of us stayed together.

It was pretty bad, and I must say I felt sick at heart sitting there seeing my babies in my mind's eye being wounded or killed. Most of the explosions sounded very near. It lasted a long time. My guests emphatically advised me to move the children away and although I hated the idea of doing it, I knew it was crazy to keep them in Paris when I had a perfectly good place to take them to.

The next morning the cook and kitchen maid gave notice. They wouldn't stay in Paris and I think every other servant wanted to do the same.

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When Joe came back from the hospital that night he told me that I must go to Fortoiseau. He said he could not do his work at the hospital when every time he heard an explosion the fear came into his heart that the children and I might be hurt.

So the next day I made my arrangements to move down here and then I went to see some of the damage.

One bomb fell right in front of the German embassy and blew in the doors and smashed all the windows. The H. L.'s live next door to this embassy. All their windows were smashed and their gas, electricity and water went out of commission. H. was in the front yard in dark green pajamas, unkempt, unshaven, unwashed but very grateful for sympathy.

I wish I felt my letter would reach you if I told you details of where bombs hit. I think it is safer not to write. Believe me, after I saw what I did I was certain the children must be taken out of the city. Thursday I got off.

Yesterday there was a big explosion in a suburb. In our apartment some of the windows were broken, some furniture was smashed, so I think I got my babies out just in time.

The house here is all in a mess. Leaks in the plumbing and the furnace, no hot water nor heat.

I only wish I felt Baker was going to see things

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as they are and hear the truth. I fear he will say and in fact think, that "everything is lovely."

We Allies are up against it and we Americans have got to do more and better in all branches of our service over here if we are to lick the Germans. France and England need us and our help and *not* "just lovely" Baker statements.

The French are very polite and so are the English, but it must shock them to see some of the things I see. . . .

Joe telephoned me he dined with a couple of British officers one night and they were very enthusiastic about our men in the fighting line, so that's good news. They told Joe it was only right to get the children out of Paris as everyone expects more raids, but they were quite optimistic about what is coming to the Germans.

The country looks ready to bud, the violets are out and spring has come over the earth. This house is charmingly old fashioned and we are moderately comfortable, but I had rather be in Paris. I get frantic at being so far away from news. But those raids . . .

By the way, the cook and the kitchen maid have decided to stay as they consider this place safe.

Fortoiseau, March 19, 1918.

Joe has just telephoned me that they expect 160 wounded and gassed at the hospital this

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evening. It makes me sick to think of it. Personally, and in spite of most of the wise ones to the contrary, I believe the Germans will attack on this front and it will be a terrible battle too, and may decide the war in our favor. If not, why then I can only see victory for us in the air.

The American newspapers don't seem to visualize things over here at all. They worry me, only perhaps nobody over there believes them any more.

Fortoiseau, March 28, 1918.

So my prophecy was right and the German offensive was launched. You have no idea of the days of anxiety, nay anguish, I have been living through.

The onslaught was terrific beyond belief. The line had to retreat, and not until yesterday did I feel sure the Germans would fail to get their objective, namely, Amiens, break the English communications, reach Calais and advance near enough to Paris to use their guns on the city.

For three days I sat here wondering whether I ought to take the children in the motor and fly to Tours, shuddering over what would happen if they took Paris. . . .

Joe was at Chalons. They were bad days and sleepless nights. I am glad they are over. Joe telephoned me yesterday after his return he had been to the Ministry on some official business and

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they told him things were better. He had also seen a British officer who had told him the same. Now I feel the worst is over and as soon as the French throw in their reserves the whole situation will change. *Now* I feel the Allies will hold them, and because the Germans are held, they have lost their great last throw of the dice.

France and England have won without us. Baker's rosy interviews seem so dreadfully ludicrous. One year in the war, and only two thousand troops in the fighting line. My God! it is not in 1919, but yesterday that our help was needed, not words, not promises, but men and guns. Organization here, organization at home. That's what we want.

Yesterday morning H. appeared here. He came to tell me he didn't consider Fontainebleau any longer safe. He came to warn me. He had seen B. in Paris early yesterday morning, who had said the next forty-eight hours would decide. They are up to-morrow morning.

Do you realize what all this means? Had the British and French armies really broken, it was the end of the war, a German victory and a German peace . . . and America not here to help. What life would be to all of us under those conditions you must know and I am writing you after the worst and with hope and confidence in my heart. Bombardments from Gothas and

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quack long-distance guns are trivial incidents compared with what has been going on, on the battlefields. The French reserves have been held back because they were not sure the Germans would not launch another big attack upon Châlons. One thing to feel is, that Germany can never do this again. She stakes everything in this attack. She stands to gain all or lose all. Now, I feel she has lost. The fighting may keep on but that terrible onslaught with hundreds of thousands of men following each other in thick packed waves mowed down over and over again, but always coming on in overwhelming numbers, that onslaught Germany can never repeat.

Not the least agony through these nights was the knowledge that Joe was down there in Châlons, with bombs going day and night. I lay through the dark hours sweating.

You are lucky not to have your husband in danger. If anything happens to mine, and mind you every minute he is down where he is in danger, I shall go mad. There are worse things than not getting letters . . . and I am only one wife in many thousands.

Fortoiseau, April 2, 1918.

Two Frenchmen lunched with me today, one is in the War Office. Most of their news was of a political character, which, unless you were very much in touch with English and French politics,

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would not interest you. One of them told me the First Division is in the fight. Also that another tremendous offensive within ten days is expected from Ludendorf. One must face the *possibility* of the Germans taking Hazebrouck, Amiens and perhaps Calais, and the *probability* that the Allies will prevent it. In any case, these men were certain that the British and the French armies will neither be defeated nor separated. They told me that Castelneau is really up north seeing that Foch's plans are being carried through. Both Frenchmen said the British were fighting like heroes. Some day I'll tell you more of what they told me.

Fortoiseau, Sunday, April 7, 1918.

I have just been talking to a friend of ours in Paris. He was very non-committal. Did he think the worst was over? I asked. He couldn't tell—the news didn't look good. Did he think they would take Paris? He couldn't say—nobody knew anything. "Well," I said, "then you are gloomy and pessimistic over the situation?" "No," he said emphatically, "I'm not. When I see you I will talk to you."

These days are anxious ones.

I went into Paris yesterday and saw several people.

Somebody saw the First Division on Monday on its way to the front. He watched the trains

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passing the railroad platform upon which he stood, crowded with Americans cheering, shouting and waving American flags. These are the veterans of our army over here, being the men who came over in July. This particular unit is to go in an army of Foch's which has not yet gone into action. I know about where they are.

It has been arranged that any American wounded will be evacuated back to Paris where beds are being prepared. There has been a council about the plans. Joe is not to return to Chalons as he will have many hundreds of beds under his care in Paris. He may go to the front with a tent hospital. That will be decided in the next two days. But even in that case his main work will be in the city of Paris.

Chaumont places the German losses at seven hundred and fifty thousand as against an outside figure of two hundred thousand Allied losses. This is the highest loss Germany has yet sustained and it has materially reduced her numerical superiority over us. She still has one hundred and ninety-two divisions, but some of them have been reduced to five thousand men. The Allies' reserves are still untouched: that is, the British reserves which have been coming across the Channel, and Foch's army placed at one million, two hundred thousand men.

The situation seems to be that the Germans

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will launch another formidable attack, probably north, near Lille, where their lines of communication are best. Their aim is Calais, even if it costs them five hundred thousand men. They won't get Calais. After they have shown their hand—watch Foch.

They may get Amiens, but our American engineers have built three railroads back of the city and communications are established. Had the Germans taken Amiens at first, the situation of Paris would have been serious. No coal, which would mean the closing of all usines de guerre and the practical halt of daily life.

The story of the Fifth Army cannot be written now, but it was a situation due to General Gough who, apparently, underestimated the German attack and overestimated the aid he could expect from the French when he extended his lines. The men were magnificent. Gough has been relieved. Paris had as close a call as in 1914. Some day I'll tell you the story.

Every one seems to think heavy fighting is ahead and many weeks of anxiety, but the Germans will be checked. Do you remember some time ago I wrote you that if an offensive came off and the Germans were checked, it would be victory for the Allies? Watch how things go.

This will shorten the war, but we must achieve a military victory. Our guns are arriving, are

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here, somebody told me, as well as our aeroplanes. I know our men are coming. Speed up over there, come over and win.

The British lost none of their big railroad guns and the American Red Cross lost very few supplies. I was told but one camion.

Paris gave me a shock yesterday. I have never seen it so empty. Street after street has every apartment closed. All the iron shutters are up. In our street the only apartment open is ours.

Many shops are closed, large and small. I walked down the Rue de la Paix and it was like a day in mid-summer before the war. Everything closed, hardly a dozen people in the street. All the streets are the same. The city seemed dreary and empty. Most of the windows are criss-crossed with paper to save the glass. The Arc de Triomphe statuary, the colonne Vendome and many other monuments are covered with sandbags and boarded in. Every now and then you see a sign "abri"—so many places. Oh, I don't want to go in town again, it makes me too sad.

Fortoiseau, April 13, 1918.

The American papers seem to say very little about the raids, so you may not have realized their severity. There was a lively one last night and quite some damage was done. The bombs

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struck the Rue de Rivoli quarter. A long-range gun was going again yesterday and the day before. The Maternity Hospital was struck and the result was useless butchery of women and new-born babies. This kind of warfare is sickening and there is no military reason to excuse it.

To answer your last letter I most certainly do see an end to this war, but there is hard fighting to be faced. The Germans are terribly strong and from all sides I hear Ludendorf is their very best general. Foch is quite able to handle him, and is proving it now, by *not* launching a counter-offensive and waiting for the surely coming thundering German blow, in either the Noyon or Amiens sector. They've been pounding at the English in the north with moderate success. I have reason to believe that General Castelnau is up there to-day with three French divisions to aid the English reinforcements.

The hardest blow is undoubtedly yet to come, probably during April. They say there are close on sixty untouched German divisions massed behind the army facing Amiens. That is what Foch is watching. By the time this letter reaches you, the war news ought to be better for us. The Americans in the southern part of the line seem to have done well.

The New York newspapers which reached me yesterday made me shiver. They had no ap-

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preciation of the situation from March 21 to March 29. And even now, the critical period is not over, and won't be, until the Germans are so checked that they cannot advance any distance anywhere. The Washington interviews are shocking. It's almost as if those people thought the head-liners were exaggerating, instead of understating actual facts.

Fortoiseau, April 17, 1918.

From your letters it is obvious that you do not appreciate the raids. The *Times* and *Tribune* received yesterday showed us how little is published. Believe me, the raids must have been really bad for me to move down here.

You don't know how terrible the fighting up north is. The attacks on the British are formidable in violence and numbers. The Germans seem to launch new divisions against them every other day. Today the news is not so good, the Germans have taken Baleuil. I feel very confident that the British line will not be broken, and that Foch is equal to Ludendorf, but nevertheless, these are terrible days and it is too dreadful for an American to be obliged to appreciate, as one does here at close range, how shamefully little the United States is able to do. What are two hundred and fifty thousand men in the fighting line as a real help against Germany's millions? It's all very well to talk about next year, in fact

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it is "rot," all this complacent talk in Washington. It would have been better if Mr. Wilson had conferred with General Wood and listened to what he had to tell him about what he saw over here. I suppose he has seen Mrs. X. and listened to her. Heard just what he wanted to hear; nice, comfortable, optimistic talk. But optimism at this terrible time won't win the war.

Fortoiseau, April 27, 1918.

B. came down last night. He had seen Colonel M. He thought it was a shame that M. should be running a bombing school at Toul. With his intelligence he should be in a directing and high official position.

B. told me that nobody over in America had realized the gravity of the situation over here from March 21st on. Apparently, nobody understood what was going on. But, I said, they only had to look at the map! It seems when B. arrived in Bordeaux he struck a particularly gloomy crowd, who gave him some very alarming talk, so that he was rudely awakened from the point of view he had had in New York. He says the people he sees do not think *now* that Paris will be taken, but they do feel there are hard times ahead and that America must hurry up. He has been told that we are sending four thousand men a day since Baker was in London, but that they

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have to land most of the troops in England as the French docks are not big enough for the large German ships they are using as transports. On the other hand, I had heard from other quarters that the docks in France were completed.

The fighting has been very severe all this week. This morning's news that the British have lost Mt. Kemmel makes my heart sick. This is part of their best line of defense. B. said last night that Kemmel was lost, but had been re-taken.

I have just telephoned a French woman in Paris to find out how things are and she said the news is not bad and that they are satisfied at the Ministère. I shall hope for a better communiqué from the British tomorrow.

I wonder if my letters have given you any idea of the tension and strain of these weeks. Do you know I am almost sick over it all. Joe says I lose weight between each time he sees me and that he is worried about me. I have been so near it all for four years now, that I feel everything more than I did at first.

I can't see how the Germans can keep on—oh, if only some bomb or shell could strike the Kaiser dead! I am sure that then the whole Prussian political-military party would crumble.

Of some of the news of the army departments I do not write—I feel that only Charles Dickens could do justice to them. Do you remember the

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following in "Martin Chuzzlewit," when Martin asks Tapley to describe the American eagle? (Mind you, I most emphatically do not apply it to the eagle nor to the best and noblest in America which I love and honor, but this description might be applied to certain departments of the regular army.)

Says Mark: "I should want to draw it like a bat, for its short-sightedness; like a bantam, for its bragging; like a peacock, for its vanity; like an ostrich for putting its head into the mud and thinking nobody sees it. . . ."

And Martin interrupts and says: "And like the phoenix for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices and soaring up anew into the sky! . . . Well, Mark," concludes Martin, "let us hope so."

"Enough said"—to quote another classic author.

Shall hope to have more cheerful news to write you next mail . . . of the war. I am hoping the Germans won't gain another yard anywhere, for if they are held for another month, I shall feel the worst is over.

Although B. says what's to prevent their making another huge offensive against Paris in August. He says it takes them three months to prepare an offensive.

Well, by August let us hope we shall be here

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in great numbers, with lots of aeroplanes and guns.

I am *not* worried about August. . . .

Fortoiseau, April 30, 1918.

Fortunately for the Medical Service over here I heard General B. is to be given a long rest. Perhaps if this is true the Medical Service may start really preparing to organize the evacuation and care of our wounded. Present conditions I cannot write about, but they make me boil. At home there would be a grand howl if they knew.

Fortoiseau, May 7, 1918.

As to the war—I feel more cheerful. I know how many men we have over here now and providing our Government carries out its program concerning men, guns and aeroplanes for this summer, I think the Allies can do something big before Christmas, and that by next spring peace will be with us in the negotiating stage.

I tell you that if the present check continues, there is trouble ahead for Germany.

Foch is getting the better of Ludendorff. The more I watch from day to day, the more my heart is filled with hope.

The present dark spot is Russia. Supposing the Tzarevitch is put on the throne with the Grand Duke guardian, General Korniloff as the head of

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the army, is the new empire to be Germany's ally or ours? Are all the pompous and idiotic speeches made by many in high places, and especially by those in Washington, to be thrown into oblivion?

Are they going to damn the cut-throat government they first applauded and cheer for the return of royalty? How are they going to get out of what they have been saying and if they do disentangle themselves from the result of their loquacity, how is the royal government of Great Britain going to take it if Tzarist Russia becomes Germany's ally? . . . The Irish question will seem like a flea bite in comparison.

If the Allies had a unity of command for the diplomatic side of the war, as well as for the military side, our future international career would have less blunders than it has in the past. And I don't care who the diplomatic boss is as long as it is not Colonel House.

Fortoiseau, May 17, 1918.

. . . Now as to the war news. In the first place I think today or tomorrow the second onslaught will start. The German panther is on its haunches ready to spring. The sun has been shining brilliantly for two days. There is no wind.

I think it will be terrific and just as bad as the first one. I think the Kaiser's clique are willing to sacrifice any number of men to reach their

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ends. It would seem possible that the Ypres salient might be yielded, that Hazebrouck and Amiens might fail. But the price of German blood will be a terrific reckoning for the Kaiser to settle with his people.

The Allies have defences for twenty-five miles back. American troops are brigaded with the British in the north and with the French at Montdidier. They are holding the line south. There are several divisions in. Each division has about thirty thousand men. So you can make a guess of the total number of men we have in line.

Pershing's offer was a practical help within several weeks from the date it was made.

I am told that the Allies will try to stem this coming offensive and hold it, not counter-attacking before August.

No politician can hurry General Foch. He will never strike until he sees his moment. That's how I feel about it.

There are pessimists who see Calais taken, Amiens taken, the big guns near enough to Paris to shell the city with eight-inch shells. I feel this time the Germans are up against men in command who have learned the lesson of March 21.

I have been talking with a man who went to Albert to see a British general on official business towards the end of March. He was motoring along and came to the cross-roads just outside

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the town. Huddled against the cross-roads post, in a heap, lay a dead British traffic soldier. My friend, the American officer, couldn't understand, for he had had no news of an advance. He went into Albert. Dead British, dead Germans, dead horses. The silence and rottenness of death about him. The cannon loud and near. *He knew.* So he motored on and beyond the town and then he met the British army retreating. He picked up officers and carried them where they wanted to get to their men. The whole evening was spent in listening to what he had to tell. He said: "Next time it will not be like that."

Fortoiseau, May 27, 1918.

I thought I had made it clear to you that American troops have been brigaded with the British and French ever since Pershing made his offer to Foch. That has been done, and is being done, and every week more troops are being fed in. The only place where the Americans are in as a unit is south. The big gun started this morning on Paris at six A.M., and has been going ever since every seventeen minutes. It must be a new gun, no old gun could be so regular and frequent. The shells are dropping in the quarter of the Gare de Lyon, about the same as last time. This I got over the telephone just now.

Your friend, Doctor C., turned up in Paris last

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week and came down here yesterday. He asked affectionately after you, looks well and was enthusiastic about the Italians, with whom he is. They expect an offensive down there. About the coming one here, he said he thought the Germans would make a formidable attack, would probably take Amiens, get a little nearer Calais, but no more. By the time this reaches you, you will know if he is a true prophet or not. I think nobody knows anything. It's all guess work. Logically, the coming blow cannot be heavier after two months' preparation, than the first one was after six months' preparation. The Allies have had time to profit by their mistakes and to let General Foch organize his unity of command. You have no idea what a tremendous undertaking such a reorganization is. It's not done in a day. I seem to be learning every day. I devour newspapers from New York, London and Paris, besides pumping all my friends. That's the only way to keep in touch. I can truthfully tell you that I shall always be sailing the rapids of Niagara, and that to its last beat, my heart will be that of a storm-queen. A little calmer on the outside but the same old throb going on inside.

Fortoiseau, May 28, 1918.

Joe telephoned me he had seen a newspaper man yesterday who had just arrived from where

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W. is and who was full of optimism and enthusiasm about our troops and the French. Evidently they expected the German attack and were ready for it. Yesterday the attack was made, but south of Montdidier. The insiders have known right along that there was a tremendous concentration south of Montdidier and it was rumored the next attack might be in the Soissons-Rheims sector.

Yesterday, on his return from the front, Clemenceau wouldn't be sure that this onslaught, formidable as it is, is the big one.

There is evidently an idea prevalent that Ludendorff wants to get Foch to use his reserves first, then go at Amiens and Calais. I've been busy on the telephone all morning and can find no one worried.

I must say, looking on my map and seeing that the Germans had advanced to the Aisne at one point and had averaged an advance of five kilometers on their front of attack, made me feel it was a pretty big thing.

B. came down again last night and was quite pleased with himself at having told me some weeks ago that he thought the Germans would make their attack just where they did.

Well—if everyone's guesses are wrong, perhaps the Germans think the Allies are too ready for

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them from Montdidier up and that further south they might be able to push near Paris and get at that city with eight-inch shells. They'd like nothing better than doing to Paris what they have done to Rheims.

These next three days will reveal their real gain. By the time this letter reaches you, I hope things will be as we all want them. If only our aeroplanes were over here!

The weather is changing and we have not the clear day of yesterday. The German prophets were wrong this time and I hope the rain comes down and soaks their roads and upsets all their calculations. They do everything so according to rule that I always feel, one thing wrong, and it upsets them considerably.

The Italians have attacked the Austrians hard and this may be a very important part of the situation. Italian soldiers have always beaten Austrians. It was only German troops that gave them their bad time last spring. Now, that Germany is too busy on this front to help Austria, and the Austrians are driven back, with the present situation inside Austria, Germany may have the devil of a time. She is having real trouble with Austria. Bulgaria and Turkey may follow. Remember what I wrote you about the "House of Cards."

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Fortoiseau, May 29, 1918.

These days I am very anxious. Just now I got a telephone message from a friend in Paris giving me this morning's war news.

I woke up at four this morning and until seven o'clock lay there seeing the battle . . . I heard the guns booming dimly in the distance . . . and if the Germans push any further we shall hear them close by.

From the communiqué I judge the French have checked them at Soissons, but that their continued advance near Rheims means that they will probably take that city today.

The news is better and different from what it was in March but just to show you: my housemaid in Paris telephoned me this morning—all up in the air: "Oh, they went twenty kilometers yesterday—it's very bad" . . . etc.! I had to soothe her down over the telephone. In some ways you are lucky to be so far away as you aren't right up against the facts.

I read the pamphlet yesterday afternoon which you sent me and found it interesting as a concise statement of a disastrous muddle. I followed Washington news closely right along.

The *London Observer* had an excellent article about General Maurice. I hope you read it. I am told that Robertson and Maurice are Asquith's tools. Evidently Lloyd George won out. He

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and Clemenceau must stay in office for the war's duration. There is much I could write you on politics over here. . . .

I think loneliness has been the incarnation of temptation for our men.

Fortoiseau, May 30, 1918.

The news last evening and this morning is bad. I couldn't sleep all night and was so on the nerves this morning that I called up M'F. for news. He wasn't very cheerful, but did say he didn't think they could get to Paris and that General Foch's reserve army is not yet engaged. That is cheering, for it means that the Germans are getting a terrific fight by numerically inferior troops and that matters must look very different when General Foch's hour comes. He saved us at the Marne and he will save us before Compiègne.

I think in spite of the fact that the Germans have advanced this time, there has been no break, but continued sustained defense—the fighting must be horrible. All night I seemed to see the streets of Soissons with the French fighting from house to house . . . this morning the news came that Soissons was taken, that the fighting is in the outskirts.

Yesterday was the third day, always the worst, and perhaps tomorrow's news will be better. I honestly feel sure that within forty-eight hours

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we shall see a change in our favor. But this terrible situation is almost more than I can bear—my heart aches so, and beats like a wild thing.

Some day I am going far away to be in peace. But I can't bear to be anywhere but near Joe just now. At least here, he can sometimes get to see us.

Today I got the London papers since the attack, and shall read what the Germans are saying. I wish they would print the German communiqués in France. That would enable one to judge so much better of the situation.

The rain did not come—a north wind blew the clouds away—confound the German luck!

Fortoiseau, May 31, 1918.

Last night's communiqué made my heart beat with joy, for at last the Germans are getting resistance strong enough to check them.

This morning they seemed to have pushed nearer Chateau-Thierry, which I don't like, as they are after the Chalons railway. But, held on both wings, they have made a salient dangerous to themselves, unless they can widen it. A French friend of mine just called me up on the telephone to say that they had been so worried those first two days and that the news was so bad, she didn't dare telephone me, but that since yesterday, the situation was slightly better. She

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said the numbers of Germans were simply overwhelming and until America gave enough men, France and England will have to stand up unaided against the masses freed from the Russian front.

She said that yesterday, the day which is the feast of Corpus Christi, and the day on which the Pope asked England not to bomb Cologne because of the religious processions and celebrations, Germany's long-range gun bombed the Madeleine. God! it's beyond belief . . . everyone must save *them* for they are a super race; other humans can be destroyed at their pleasure.

I could see well from her talk that we shall have dark days ahead, for these coming months will bring more German blows—the next will be for Amiens or Calais, the Allies' part being to resist, to hold, to wait until *we* have a striking army ready to deal a smashing blow.

Of course our men are coming, and where they are in the fight are doing nobly—everyone gives them praise and honor—but how can General Foch counter-attack against this German onslaught *now*, and use up his trained reserves? Some of these newspaper writers, and others, annoy me beyond expression with their innuendoes and suggestions.

The lady who telephoned me this morning was, evidently, badly frightened by this situation.

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Fortoiseau, Sunday, June 1, 1918.

From the time I put down my pen in my letter to you Friday was a bad day for me.

I went for a walk and met the neighboring farmer—all up in the air—a man had just told him he had received a letter from his wife from a village near Chateau-Thierry in secret code, saying the Germans were carrying all before them, and that they would be in Chateau-Thierry before her letter reached its destination.

Then refugees were pouring into Melun full of terrible tales, a woman had arrived in Dammarie to visit relations from one of the captured villages, and in our village they were so frightened that the people were packing up, preparing to leave.

The farmer said he was wondering whether he ought to get ready to go. . . . “Ruin for us if we do,” he said.

I tried to cheer him as best I could but I felt he did not believe anything I said.

I came back to the house and had a talk with the telephone central at Dammarie. She had had a terrible day—apparently this one woman arriving in Dammarie had caused a panic, and the telephone operator had been continuously besieged with frightened questions. She seemed a brave woman and said it was disgraceful to stir up people like that and that she was doing her best to calm them down.

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Presently the cook and my maid returned from marketing at Melun. They had talked to the refugees and their tales were even worse—and the shop-keepers in Melun were ready to close up and fly and they have seen twenty military camions passing through Melun laden with beds, so the army must be flying . . . well . . . there was just the devil to pay in my household.

So I called up Dr. Taylor at the hospital, who is in touch with all sorts of people, and told him all this. "Why," he said, "I never heard such nonsense. I was at the Ecole de Médecine this afternoon and saw some men from the Service de Santé, and they said they felt the worst was over."—"Then it's safe here?"—"Why, *surely*."

The strange thing was that although my reason said no, my heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. I was alone, with the children to decide for, and if any of this news were true, why what should I do?

I went through an agony of panic—I knew it was crazy and weak, but yet I just couldn't bear the situation.

On the map I saw we were not ninety kilometers from Chateau-Thierry. . . .

All night the trains went by—I could recognize the "thug, thug" of our heavy American locomotives every five minutes through the silence of

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the night . . . the railway is about six kilometers from here following the Seine.

When I heard the trains I knew the reserves were travelling into battle under cover of the night. *French* reserves. Oh, the sorrow to know that our great army is not here in this hour of anguish!

But I know the French army cannot be beaten.

Saturday night Joe came down. He had had a very interesting trip—but no sleep, and on his return to Paris had found the hospital full of American and French wounded. The hospital was so crowded that they had the wounded everywhere.

The Americans were all from the battle of Cantigny, and all *our* division. So you see I was right that those wounded would come under Joe's care.

These men were very dirty, very hungry, but proud to have been in a good fight and in excellent spirits. No panic in any of those American or French, and *they* had been through hell itself.

Joe had been told one dreadful story—a certain hospital in the present battle zone had not been evacuated in time, the onrush of the Germans was so rapid just there. It was a fracture hospital and the patients were all in those appliances of Joe's—suspensions, etc.—very slow and difficult to move.

An officer told Joe that when the Germans got

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there, they went through the wards and killed the wounded, helpless as they lay . . . the surgeons were shot where they stood, they drove the nurses, a frightened crowd, in a corner of the court-yard and then turned the machine guns on them and killed them that way.

They seemed to have gone amuck, those Germans, like niggers in the south.

Joe was very calm, sure that the French would get the better of the Germans in this battle, is more worried how we are going to have beds enough for our wounded than anything else.

Last night's communiqué was grand—this morning's not so good.

A French friend of mine called me up just now, and said she had just heard that the French have pushed the Germans back ten kilometers around Soissons. She had also inside "dope" about the rapidity of the German advance. General X. was ordered to blow up the five bridges across the Aisne and to make the stand on the heights beyond. Apparently all the plans were made by Foch and the reserves were on the way. But the bridges were *not* blown up and the Germans came across the river as they pleased with all their guns, munitions, etc.

Then, with lightning rapidity, everything had to be changed, another plan made. It was terrific, this situation. Foch handled it as the news tells, for his counter-offensive was made on the

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battle-ground of his own choosing. Ludendorff tried to force him to give battle near the Marne, but he would not. That was a master mind, to be able to overcome such a terrible mistake, and in one night to move his attacking army to another sector. Those were the trains I heard all that night.

Fortoiseau, June 4, 1918.

The battle now raging is the biggest battle of the war—evidently Germany wants to brow-beat France into making peace at any cost to herself. Her onslaught has been beyond belief—that you can see in the communiqué.

Today it looks as if the Germans were held within Chateau-Thierry and were doing their best to get Villers-Cotterets forests and Compiègne.

My French friend called me up yesterday afternoon. She had seen an officer who had just come from la Ferté-Jouarre and he said the battle was going better for us today. But she also said that the journalists returning from the front to Paris on Thursday and Friday last, said that the war was over for the French. Now you can appreciate that it has been dangerous business. I am wondering if your newspapers have been telling you the truth.

One fact shines out. Foch is there, and the French will hold, and eventually win, *when* we have a big army here.

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I doubt if there will be any counter-offensive until the end of the summer. I think the Germans will attack again with their armies and untouched reserves at Villers Brettoneux, and that they will go on the defensive. The German losses must be terrible, but ours must be heavy too—villages lost and retaken four or five times, hills and forests won at the point of the bayonet, do not mean fighting with losses only on one side. To my mind the question is: will Germany throw in the rest of her reserves against the French *now*, and if she does, can the French army hold? I think it can and will, besides I doubt Germany does such a dangerous thing, for after all there is a strong army from Amiens to Ypres which may have to be reckoned with at any time.

I hear the Americans are magnificent fighters and that two of our divisions have gone in on the Soissons line near Meaux. But I tell you, this is a *terrible* hour for us all. I wish this week were behind us and Foch the absolute master of the situation. The French army is covering itself with glory and against frightful odds.

I hope to send you better news next week.

Fortoiseau, June 7, 1918.

Wednesday at noon I saw horses outside our gate and went down to see what this meant. . . .

All the length of our avenue were horses, cows

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and oxen tied to the trees. The great empty barn which stands in the field outside the gate was full of old men and women and little children and boxes, and cases and cooking utensils and bedding and rabbits in baskets and birds in cages . . . little, little children and babies at their mother's breasts . . . a mass of human misery and weariness huddled together on the straw. There were seventy all told. They had fled from a village our boys have since taken back. For a week they have travelled a long way, stopping where they could find some shelter on the road.

Fortunately I had some things to help: a little milk for the babies, all my stock of jam and macaroni and the big brass marmites on the kitchen fire to make them soup. While I was there with them I marveled at their courage.

Once only did I see a fierce, terrible hate flush the women's faces, and that was when the farmer's German prisoners stood and stared as they passed on their way from their work. I looked at the prisoners, and do you know the eyes of those men were full of fear as they saw the misery huddled there. I wondered if the thought flashed into their hearts that some day their own people would be driven across the German country like this. For the war in all its four long years has never touched German soil.

All these days a long stream of refugees is pass-

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ing on the road at our gates, until yesterday. So I know the German advance must have stopped.

One evening Joe came down and I took his American soldier chauffeur with me to help distribute the food to the refugees—"They can't see it at home—I didn't know—I can't bear it," he said.

Yesterday a wave of pessimism seemed over everybody. A French friend called me up on the telephone, very depressed over Clemenceau's speech in the Chambre. Very depressed over the whole situation. The Minister and Ministry of Finance and the banks are supposed to have left Paris. No one knows when the rest of the Ministries are going. They say that within a couple of days another and worse onslaught is coming . . .

Then another friend, an Italian at Fontainebleau, called me up to say that she had received word from Paris to leave at once.

Then I got Joe on the telephone and told him of this. He was hot over alarmists. Nevertheless, he went and saw Slade at the Equitable for me and told him what I had heard. Slade told him to reassure me and to say that in the banking world, Paris was not considered in danger of being taken. He told Joe that the most fantastic rumors were going all over and that most of them were untrue.

Then I began to wonder whether secret German agents were not working up all this panic, so as

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to undermine Clemenceau and get a change of government. Perhaps get those Socialists who behaved so badly in the Chambre, to start trouble, which would mean help for the German peace. I tell you they are working just as hard *inside* Paris as they are outside. They are dangerous everywhere.

Clemenceau spoke magnificently and truthfully and said the worst, which was the best. Under his guidance the people know all the truth. God help us all if anything happens to him.

Apparently the American and English officers are confident and so are the French officers. Joe has several under his care, one French officer from Soissons. He was told to hold out twelve hours and the men under him held out three days.

Do you know that part of that poor tired British Fifth Army was resting at Soissons when the rush came, the rest of it was resting before Rheims. I believe those Germans knew every detail concerning the disposition of the Allied troops and struck accordingly.

Our men saved the day at Chateau-Thierry. They were rushed out there in motor-lorries and went right into the fight. We are full up again at our hospital, this time with marines from Chateau-Thierry. Joe has been operating all day. Two tables going at the same time in the operating room.

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But it thrills me to feel our soldiers are making good every time.

The news of the submarine attack on the American coast gave me a shock. If the Germans did much of that it might be very serious, for we have got to get our men and their equipment over every week. Men, men, and more men—for the Germans are still terribly strong.

I've been in a miserably nervous state for the last ten days. Each bit of bad news gives me palpitations . . . at night I think I hear the guns coming nearer and my heart beats so I feel as if it would burst my breast. This war is a terrible thing to live near year after year, and now that it seems almost at my doorstep, I can't bear it. If you saw the sad faces of those women in the shed and heard one of them tell how the Germans had used gas shells on her village, of some of the children who had died, how her own little girl had seemed better, recovering from the shock of a nearby explosion, so they had brought her along, only to watch her die on the second day of the journey . . . if you saw and heard such things day after day, your heart would beat as mine does.

Oh, these Germans must not keep on—our men *must* drive them far away into their own kingdom where they *must* meet their punishments.

It would seem as if from now until July 15,

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were the critical time. After that our men, and *perhaps* our guns, will be here in sufficient strength to enable Foch to strike, as only he knows how.

The days ahead seem dark, but I believe that Germany shall be conquered, and because of her terrible onslaught now, she will meet her fate before many months.

Fortoiseau, June 10, 1918.

Our troops make me proud of our country. They've done better and fought better than even the papers say.

After the Chateau-Thierry fight the hospital was swamped. They have been pouring the wounded in and there are not nearly enough beds. The men are lying on the stretchers they are brought in on, in the halls, in the reception rooms, in the garage, everywhere.

The nurses' dining-room has been changed into another operating room. Five tables are going all day and all night. Teams working on eight-hour shifts. Joe operating hour after hour. He did twelve cases in one afternoon, then went downstairs to look over the men as they came off the ambulance and directing everything himself. Last night eighty cases came in at eleven o'clock and he was there looking to each one.

He has been telling me of the fighting and how splendid the spirit of the men and officers is. He says they are pushing the Germans back and they

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are fighting better than any soldiers ever fought. You would appreciate how thrilled he is if you could hear him talk. It is a wonderful flame, this fire of patriotism, and our men are proving the *real* spirit of the United States, and just because they are what they are, we shall win the war.

Joe says the French have plenty of men. Evidently the officers in the hospital are more optimistic than the newspapers and the French friends who telephone me.

I wonder if it is possible that the situation of the last two days and today shall be the turning of the tide? After all, such resistance and counter-attacking are a very different thing to what the Germans got at the end of the March offensive. Until now, they have been able to go right along, executing their plans, attacking at their own time and place. Now, suddenly, unexpectedly, the resistance ceases to be passive and becomes aggressive. What will be the result?

The Germans succeed when all their plans go through on schedule time; *now*, this is not the case.

Do you see in the papers that General B. has been "canned"? The present head, General I., is an excellent man, but up against a terrible proposition. If you over there only knew how little B. has done, you would realize why we have been worrying so over here. Joe foresaw just

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what is happening—he is trying to do his utmost and when you realize that he has about two hundred and fifty more wounded in his hospital than he had beds for, you can visualize what his “utmost” means.

Oh, if only those in power had listened to him and followed his suggestions last October! Some day there will be a terrible hour of reckoning for those who were blind or lazy or incompetent. Thank God, Joe is doing his share as he is—like a man and an American.

Fortoiseau, June 11, 1918.

So the expected blow has fallen just where it was expected: the obvious thing for the Germans to do was to endeavor to straighten the salient between Montdidier and Chateau-Thierry.

Joe telephoned me just now—to tell me that by one o'clock this morning they had gotten their work in the hospital up to date—that means all the worst cases operated, the others being prepared and all the wounded in beds.

Yesterday when I called the hospital, the telephone boy was slow to answer—“What’s the matter?” I asked.—“There’s a man dying in the hall and I was trying to get extra help for the nurse . . .”

I wonder if you could conceive of how they dumped ambulance after ambulance at the door of Joe’s hospital—the wounded lay on stretchers

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on the sidewalk. . . . It's too late now to say "I told you so," but just such a situation was to be expected. These last few days have been the same at Neuilly and at the hospital in the Bois.

Joe said he might come down late to-night to get some sleep and that he had lots to tell me about why the Germans advanced so rapidly in their push to the Marne. If I can, I will write it to you. Joe says this new attack is being terribly costly to the Germans, as they are up against Foch's good troops and our divisions.

Joe's confirmation as Lieut.-Colonel has not yet come—perhaps after all he has done for the marines, it may be hurried. It does my heart good to think his hospital took those men in.

To answer your inquiry about books—the new French ones on or about the war are not very good. Follow my example and read over Dickens. He has saved me many a time since these battles began. I read "David Copperfield" last night until early this morning.

That Simmonds article was pretty good but I like the articles of correspondents at the front best. You and I can guess and deduce as well as Simmonds, perhaps better, for *we* aren't expert critics. Here is my guess against his "two years more": check of present attack everywhere, as, with all reserves in, Ludendorff's cards are on the table; counter-offensive in September; and when

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our planes are here in numbers, the most ungodly bombing of German cities and peace negotiations under way by January. Victory might easily come in the air. No civil population can endure daily bombing. Ask any soldier, he will admit that the effect of bombing by airplanes on the morale of resting troops, is worse than the guns or anything else.

Fortoiseau, June 12, 1918.

Joe says he has a Colonel of the Marines in the hospital and he is a "live wire," that they all are splendid men, no grumbling, no whining, *brave*.

Those German devils flew their machine guns low, so most of the wounds are in the thighs and in that region of the body. They are *dreadful* wounds to take care of. Joe was deeply stirred over this deliberate destruction of manhood. The tears were in his eyes over their sufferings. Several deaths—but on the whole the men are doing remarkably well. He has about thirty surgeons under him.

Joe says our men did far better than is published—he told me what happened between the Chemin des Dames and the Marne, but I can't write it to you. Some day I will tell you and it will make you all the prouder of our Marine Corps. He thinks the present onslaught will be checked, but that we have heavy fighting ahead right along. He says he knows we shall win.

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He told me how the English before Rheims have covered themselves with glory.

The complete story of this attack is a tremendous thing. Believe me, General Foch is a great and wise man.

You spoke in your letter about French servants—well, the cook goes up in the air over the war nearly every day. Some days they are all in a panic—they were last week, and there are moments when I wish I had Chinese. You have no idea what housekeeping is at times.

Fortoiseau, Thursday, June 14, 1918.

I think you needn't worry so much, because the worst of this attack is over. I feel as if our Marines had stemmed the tide. By the way, so many of them were sent to Joe because they were the worst cases.

Fortoiseau, Sunday, June 16, 1918.

Sometimes it is just as well not to know how very bad the situation is.

Yesterday morning my aunt, Mrs. G., called me up on the telephone and asked me to go over to see her. I went. She had been told by R. B. on Thursday that the danger was over and that it was safe to remain in this neighborhood. She thought on account of my children I should like to know. I got her talking—it seems Monday and Tuesday last everyone on the inside was

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seriously alarmed and that B. was arranging for his wife to go south and was sending all their valuables out of Paris. Apparently they all actually feared the Germans would take Paris!

Joe and I knew, of course, that the situation was serious, but we believed in Foch, we believed in our British, French and American armies, and we felt the black hour must pass. German victory would remain unwon.

Looking soberly and with a little perspective at the situation, I appreciated that the worst effort was that March offensive, covering a longer line, using more troops; that the second, third and last Compiègne offensive were each smaller than the first one. Germany missed her chance when she did not keep on and take Amiens.

Fortoiseau, Monday, June 17, 1918.

The people who were here yesterday gave me a dose of Paris gloom over the situation which resulted in my spending the evening poring over maps and wondering whether I should take the children to Dinard. "Safer to get some place near St. Nazaire," said one of my guests, "so if the worst happens you can be shipped home on an American battleship!" This man thinks the Germans will take both Compiègne and Paris, that the next thrust will be the worst yet, that nobody knows the size of the French army nor

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the size of the German army, that always the Germans seem to be capable of producing a new army wherever they need it . . .

At first I tried arguing, then subsided into a worried silence and finally resorted to the map. Joe thought I was a nuisance and I knew I was myself, but nevertheless the thought was pounding in my brain: are we all mad? Are the Germans coming down upon us, sweeping all before them, are all the Allied armies done, shall *we* get here too late?

I hardly slept and when early this morning the big anti-aircraft guns, just installed at Melun, began booming, I collapsed.

I wonder if you can understand that it's not *me*, it's the whole terrible danger that I can't bear, with all the incident possibilities for Joe, the children, our lives? To no one would I admit such a mood—it's all because I am too terribly near it continually, and have been ever since the beginning, without any respite.

The noon letter brought me an optimistic letter from David G. from Tours, saying his dope was that Foch had been playing the clever game, letting Ludendorff commit himself in this attack, recklessly using his reserves, so that he, Foch, could not again be surprised anywhere. His letter was really cheering and because of the people I know he has seen, I rather feel like believing it.

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Fortoiseau, June 18, 1918.

From what Joe told me over the telephone, the general situation is not alarming. He spent the evening at a conference with Colonels X., Y., and Z. I think the "damned New York specialists" as General B. called them, have been horribly upset and worried by our Medical Corps situation when this rush came. Our preparation was about on a par with that of the French Medical Corps at the time of the battle of the Marne. I am not at liberty to write of what I know, but believe me, one whole year has been wasted. Evidently Joe felt from the way he spoke that last evening's conference will bear good results. I hope so.

His war news was not depressing. The men he has seen and who were just sent back from different parts of the front say the morale of the French army is magnificent and that the French have lots of men, and besides there are thousands of Americans between Paris and the front. One man who is in diplomatic life, told me the worst that could happen would be that the Germans, by some fluke, something going wrong, as at the Chemin des Dames, might get within gun range of Paris, bringing up their big guns and then offering peace terms which it would be difficult for Clemenceau to refuse without a revolution. You see the radical Socialists, whose chief is Caillaux, even though he is in prison, are working

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with all their power to overthrow Clemenceau. Your papers give you no idea of this situation, which is very serious.

Clemenceau, Foch, and the army are one, as well as the best in the government and the country, but there are dangerous influences at work, and "near-good" peace offers would increase Clemenceau's difficulties a hundred-fold. This situation can only really become dangerous if the Germans are not checked in their next attack. Everybody thinks they will be. I certainly hope the best in France will keep on top for all our sakes. England and America are ready to fight to a finish and settle this German menace for all time, so are Clemenceau and the French army.

The future lies on the knees of the gods—who can tell it?

Joe didn't say all this; he was principally talking about the strength of the Allies, their chances of success and worrying over the urgent need for the immediate improvement of the hospitalization of our wounded.

Fortoiseau, June 22, 1918.

H. is in the A. R. C. I lunched at his house on Thursday and I had a very interesting time with the two French journalists who were there. I sat between them and we talked.

It seems the situation was as critical as I wrote you, but the English have sent over two hundred

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and fifty thousand more men and our troops are coming in tremendous numbers.

H. told me he had his wife and child at Biarritz, that he had sent clothes, a typewriter, and some stationery to a safe place and had a valise ready packed in his room, as he did not mean to be made a German prisoner. He said things were better, that he wasn't afraid, but believed in taking precautions.

The French journalists said the danger is that the Germans may advance within gun range of Paris and shell the city to bits like Rheims. They expect two more big attacks, one towards Abbeville and another against Compiègne and Paris. Then they say it will be our turn, that General Foch has done admirably and that the situation had been difficult and critical after the Chemin des Dames disaster. They told me one General had been broken because of it and gave me details I can't write but *that* won't happen again. The L.'s are in Biarritz, so is nearly all Paris. The city is emptied. Only workers and the army remain here now.

I think people got horribly frightened—it was a pity, as I honestly think that they should have more faith in their army. I have, for my apartment is as I left it and I have not moved anything from it. . . .

D. hired a chateau near Tours for his paintings

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and his servants. He is at Biarritz with the rest of the American colony.

I went to the hospital after lunch. French and Americans lay side by side. They didn't know who I was and they were all enthusiastically saying how well they were looked after. But oh, what wounds!

They may install a two thousand bed hospital for Americans near Melun and put Joe in charge. I hope so, but I fear some favorite of the "regular" crowd will be put in.

Fortoiseau, June 23, 1918.

The news from Italy means much more than just a victory, and may be the reason why the Germans delayed their attack against the English which was due last week. They may switch off and try for Compiègne again, or they may launch a big blow at the Americans between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims. Undoubtedly, we may expect another blow, a big one, and then some smaller ones, but if they get what they got at Chateau-Thierry, at Compiègne and more recently at Rheims, I think they will be compelled to draw back, intrench, and wait for the Allies' offensive.

The length of the war, to my mind, depends on our military power being big enough to be used by the early fall. *Our* blow then, and victory is won. Germany will have played her last cards. All this fighting will shorten the war; no country

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can keep on doing what Germany is doing now. She has been at it for three months and where will her reserves be three months hence?

Some of the Y. M. C. A. and A. R. C. workers talk too much when they get home. Don't let their "glooms" worry you. Not a man in the army feels the way they do.

The air raiders failed to reach Paris last night but did quite some damage to a village about twenty-five miles from here, beyond Fontainebleau.

There is a rumor that the French Grand Quartier Général may be moved to Fontainebleau, but I don't believe it. Last week the report was that it was to be moved to Melun. Some people like to seem wiser than anybody else. I only believe what I see and what a very few people tell me.

The photographs of Paris published in Saturday's *Illustration* made me smile. The people left in Paris are all a very earnest, serious lot. The city is much better off without scandal-talking "glooms." It looks as if something was being at last prepared in Russia. Nobody knows where the Grand Duke Nicholas is.

Joe has thought out a good scheme for our wounded—that's why he is going to Tours—to use canal boats on this wonderful French canal system to transport the men from the front to a big base hospital at Melun. He has it all worked

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out in every detail and the French are ready to help him in every way. Now it's up to General I. to decide whether or not he will use one possible remedy to existing conditions.

Fortoiseau, June 28, 1918.

F. came down Wednesday and I had a good long talk with him. He has been through nerve-racking days and nights, but the only sign they have left are some gray hairs over his ears, which I never noticed before.

The chateau where his General had his headquarters was right near the German lines and the French guns were within a hundred yards of the house. Every night F. could see German shells bursting and the roar of their guns made it hard for him to sleep, as his room was on that side of the house, facing the German lines.

Evidently the Allied air service for regulating the artillery is superior to the Germans, as, although the shells fell all over the place, the chateau itself was never struck. His chauffeur was badly wounded right in front of the house.

The roar of the French guns was terrific. The house shook, doors and windows rattled, the plaster fell down—a deafening continuous *noise* from early morning around three o'clock. After a while F. got so used to it he could sleep.

All day he was busy over despatches and going

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on errands and trips with French officers, sometimes at night he would go and sit with the officer on duty. The telephone would ring giving the message that certain German troops and convoys were moving along certain roads, the officer would consult the map and then telephone the artillery officer to aim for a certain sector by its number. Then the guns would roar and death and destruction would be poured down on the Germans as they marched through the night.

F.'s description of sitting in the office with one of the officers watching shells drop into the court, all around the cow which was never hit (although her milk was thin after bombarding), with the sun shining, and summer blooming in the garden, was quite beautiful. The French, evidently, were fond of him and made him feel it. It seems one day when a certain General was relieved to another section, he sent for F. In the salon were assembled the General and his staff. The General made a speech to F., they all drank his health and spoke so beautifully to him, that even as he told it, the tears were in his eyes.

Then he told how, when the bad news of the Chemin des Dames came, there was gloom over every one, from the cooks up, but in the morning when the word came that General Mangin was to counter-attack, they all became hilarious and the good news made them crazy.

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The officers and the men are one in their loyalty to the cause and, weary and war-tired as they are, they will never quit. Such is the French army.

F. told us of the air superiority of the Allies and how the German communiqués lie. Once, in two days, he saw with his own eyes eight German planes brought down, and the Germans gave out that two planes had been brought down in two days. He says the French and American communiqués tell the truth, that he knows this, for he was there on the spot, and the Germans lie continually. He says the Allied armies equal in numbers very closely the German armies, and he feels sure the coming attack will not have the results of those two bad ones. He is full of enthusiasm for our troops and evidently thinks they will win out in spite of some handicaps. Always you must remember that there are people who endeavor to apply Cuban and Philippine experience as the gospel of how to win this war. I think F., like many others of those in the war for patriotic and disinterested motives, is slighted by the old guard in a perfectly unnecessary way. West Point will never treat Plattsburg as its equal, won't ask reserve officers to come to the mess, lets them walk up and down in the street, waiting until the head man can receive them. It is apparently difficult for the French to understand the difference, and they seem to get on bet-

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ter with one crowd than the other. The liaison work under H. has done a great deal of good.

We talked war all the evening. F. told us how the German General who commanded against Cantigny had been broken and his officers court-martialed. F. did not expect a counter-offensive until enough American airplanes and heavy artillery are here to enable Foch not only to make an offensive, but to carry it through. This the Germans have not done recently. The duration of their power in offensive is about six days. There are many rumors about their next move—some are frightening—but F. is firmly and calmly sure of the future, and he comes right from the front.

Fortoiseau, Monday, July 1, 1918.

The French Colonel whom I saw yesterday told me the French are all worried about the American arrangements for the care of their wounded. After a certain action they asked the Americans where they wished them to evacuate their wounded. To the nearest American base hospital, was the answer. That was over a hundred kilometers away. This situation is all along the line and is due to the stupidity of General B. who, against Joe's advice given a year ago in July and again in October, placed the base hospitals so far back in the country that the wounded can only be transported with difficulty and danger.

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I know of one magnificently expensive installation which is on the top of a hill. . . . I have been told they are building a railroad to it.

The French cannot understand why the American medical heads have not profited by the experience of those who have been over here for some time and before America came into the war. The present situation means that we have depended on the French for the care of our wounded.

I saw a French General recently. He gave a completely different version of what I had heard occurred at the Chemin des Dames. According to him General M. had very few men, tired men at that, very few guns, and the German "surprise" was pretty successful. No blame could be attached to either General or troops. They were overwhelmed and had to give way rapidly. This General seemed to think the next attack would be more likely to come near Lunéville and Nancy, rather than against the British or against the Compiègne-Rheims line. In this latter place no surprises can now succeed, and only *surprises* will enable the Germans to gain ground again. On the other hand, a desperate dual onslaught against the Abbeville sector and the Paris one might give results worth their while, whereas if they got Lunéville and Nancy it would mean nothing. I suggested that they would be more likely to attack the Americans either at Chateau-Thierry

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to get Meaux, or in the Vosges with the idea that a victory against our troops would prove the German estimate of our army right. He did not see this possibility. But I do.

Why shouldn't Ludendorff try two attacks: one against Amiens and one at Chateau-Thierry, trusting that either one might get them near enough to Paris to shell it, which is what they evidently want to do?

The weather here is just now a source of real worry, for if we don't have rain soon it will go hard with the potato crop. Guess what that might mean in the food situation, with all the present difficulties and restrictions. Some one from Paris said to me recently, no potatoes would mean peace at any price with the Parisians. Every now and then a remark like this jars me.

This Kerensky visit and his being tolerated in any Allied country is beyond me. I am worried now as to what will be President Wilson's attitude. Certainly the disorganization of the Russian army was due to Kerensky. He is a smooth and glib talker, dangerous because he evidently has both power and charm over his audiences. So has Mr. Caillaux and many other members of the criminal class.

Another matter which is serious is the food question in the American hospitals. P. turned up in Paris looking terribly thin—he said the food

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where he was, was simply dreadful: "Bully-beef three times a day!" Our American army cooks leave much to be desired. On the other hand, at a certain very poorly run hospital, where the surgical care will mean stiff arms and legs, the food is as good as at the "Ritz" and costs just about as much to the management. At Tours the food is good. It seems to differ widely everywhere, and the cooking ranges from zero to a hundred per cent.

Fortoiseau, July 5, 1918.

Joe came down the other day full of enthusiasm about his hospital plans, and went with me to call on the General of this region to find out about the situation. Yesterday morning he went all around the country to look at possible locations. He found three good sites between the river and the railroad so either could be used for transportation. He has to report to Colonel B. today and if all goes as it should, the barracks could be up and the hospital ready for a thousand wounded inside of six weeks. I hope Joe won't get disappointed again. . . .

The General we saw, and the General who is head of the big office and school beyond Melun and all the local officers, held a review at Melun yesterday in honor of July the fourth. We had places reserved for us on the reviewing stand.

The French and American flags waved, and the

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bands played the "Star Spangled Banner," and speeches were made, and there was great cheering. . . . As our boys marched by, I thought how each man was the son, or the brother, or the husband from some home over there where he was the center and hope of its fireside, and my heart began to hurt, and my tears began to fall and all the time they passed, I was crying. I couldn't bear to think of what was ahead of those boys and how many would never go back.

Of course the really beautifully expressed appreciations and gratitude of France are thrilling, but the Kaiser-Devil has caused more suffering, agony and death to more people in the world than has any tyrant of any age. I never see young men marching these days without feeling what most of them are marching to.

Perhaps you felt that too, when you watched troops march down Fifth Avenue in New York, and you know the kind of agonizing heart-beat I mean. Oh, to kill this power of evil, this brute-beast of Germany, to drive this thing forever off the earth and out of our children's future!

They telephoned me the other day that there were some American and English soldiers at the hospital at Melun and that they were lonely and sad as no one there could speak English. So I went over. The Americans had been brought there from Chateau-Thierry and the English from

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Rheims, and believe me, they gave me a warm reception. You see in these French military hospitals the customs and food are quite different from ours and the British. The French give their patients two meals a day, one at ten in the morning and one at five in the afternoon. The first meal consists of soup, meat or fish, potatoes or beans, some bread and some red wine. The second meal consists of meat or eggs, potatoes or lentils, sometimes salad, bread and red wine. Their breakfast, which is given them very early, consists only of coffee and dry bread. So fruit and jam and tea went a long way to cheer these men up. In the Paris hospitals the Y. M. C. A. does so much in the way of extras and treats for our men that I feel they do not need my help. If Joe gets his plan through, I shall have no end of opportunities, as this hospital would be always crowded, always in need of all sorts of extras. I couldn't buy a single cigarette in Melun for these boys—none to be had. I have written asking General Philipps for some for the English.

I took them over a lot of my New York papers and magazines and London papers and they were delighted.

Fortoiseau, July 6, 1918.

A French friend of mind came down here yesterday. Evidently, from what she told me, the situation had been much more critical during the

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German advances to the Aisne than I appreciate and not only from the military point of view.

It seems one day Albert Thomas went to see Clemenceau to tell him that, as the Germans were advancing on Paris, he wanted authorization to arm the munition workers "to protect and fight for the city." Clemenceau, controlling himself before a proposition which could only cloak a possibility of a bloody revolution, said he wanted twenty-four hours to think this over and would Thomas call the following day for his answer. Then Clemenceau got busy with his cabinet, procured their consent to arrest certain men in the Usines he knew were ring-leaders, and to arrange the immediate evacuation of the Usines from Paris. When Thomas returned the following day for his answer, Clemenceau told him he had considered his request and that the government had decided it was better to evacuate the munition Usines than to arm their workers. Of course Thomas was furious, but was check-mated. So ended an incident which might have brought France into an abyss.

I have only seen Thomas once, when he sat at a table next to mine in the "Ritz" restaurant and gorged on all the most expensive dishes. He literally "swilled" food. That type of Socialist always appreciates the things money buys. He is

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the leading spirit of the party trying to overthrow Clemenceau.

As my friend said, the trouble here is that the eight hundred Deputies know too much, and that their mistresses know all they know. Many cottes and women in houses of ill fame are German secret-service agents, Germany knows whatever the Deputies know. It seems that during this last bad time the wives and mistresses of the Deputies moved everything they owned out of Paris and that the Deputies themselves were beseeching Clemenceau to transfer the government to Orleans. Clemenceau told them to "go to the devil," that he would stay and face any situation, and that they were "canaille."

So the government remained and won out in one of the most critical situations of the war. This woman was interesting about the Chemin des Dames. She said the General under General M. who failed to carry out orders was a political appointment. The center in his line gave way and fled. The English held before Rheims and the French held on the extreme left, but when the center crumbled, the wings had to fall back. She was quite abusive of England and the English, saying they wouldn't fight, couldn't fight, were demoralized, etc. That made me angry, for I know differently, and after these four years during which England has stood up and done a hun-

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dred times her share of the war, I hate listening to a French woman abusing the army and navy which have helped her country so much. At present she and her compatriots are crazy about the Americans, fulsome praise of the same kind I heard about the British when they first came over.

I tell you the French army is fine and has magnificent officers and the French man and woman of the soil are normal, and good, but the politicians and the city people are human junk and make a wave of sickening mental nausea creep over your enthusiasm. Clemenceau and Foch are the symbols of the best in France and because *they* exist I know France will win out in spite of her terrible handicaps. . . .

The Tammany tiger is transformed here into the semblance of a "Madam." A picture is in my mind of three figures playing the game of fate: a General, a farmer and a harlot; presently the first two win and the third falls, down, far down, where one sees the rotten things of dead civilizations putrefying in the darkness of the past. Emperors lie there, and kings, popes and saints, many peoples and customs, history has called *good*, human rubbish, which the minds and hearts of *honest* men and women have pushed down and away, knowing their real value. And so it shall be. So it always is. France, because there is so

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much that is noble and true in her spirit, must rise above her politics and her prostitution, standing purified by this ordeal of fire and sword, on the summit of the mountain, with the stars of heaven shining on her head.

I have one more thing to mention, though not to write about. Yesterday, something occurred which made me feel the United States are wise in their use of censorship. Sometimes by reading cables and letters information is obtained useful enough to enable the war to be won by efficiency in such parts of the service as have hitherto been mismanaged. Some day, I'll tell you of how Joe spent the hours of yesterday morning. . . .

It seems the King of Spain was in Paris ten days ago, secretly. There are two stories for the reason he came: the first, that he had come to confer with Clemenceau about possible Austrian peace terms; the other to offer Spain's entry into the war providing Great Britain would give up Gibraltar. The first is possible, but the second story is nonsense.

I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the next blow were in the Vosges with the idea of giving our troops a defeat, and a simultaneous blow in the direction of Abbeville, so as to make transportation of reserves almost too difficult to be accomplished. Some people I have seen doubt another big blow anywhere. I do not. The military

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party in Germany has to do something to keep its life and ruling with the present situation in the Reichstag. Presently somebody in Germany with courage and a tongue, will realize that this war is not what they have believed, namely: a German war for Germany's sake, but that it is the fight of the Hohenzollern for the life of the Hohenzollern, the war for a dynasty. When enough people see this in Germany—then what?

Fortoiseau, July 8, 1918.

We had a most delightful guest yesterday in General B. His daughter came with him and I got D. G. who has been ill in Paris with Spanish grippe and had been obliged to postpone his going to the front until tomorrow, to come down from town.

Of course we talked war from the time the General got here until he left, and of course I had the time of my life.

General B. is so simple, so honest, so completely different from the Paris atmosphere. His talk was like a fresh breeze from the ocean which drove the miasmatic stench of corruption out of my memory.

Apparently the anti-English talk only exists in certain political and social circles, for this man said that England had saved France at the beginning and had been saving her ever since with her

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navy, as well as with her army, that England had made American intervention possible and that never could we all be sufficiently grateful to England. He sees in the future a league of those nations who have fought Prussia and a trinity of France, England and America at the head of it. He was most interesting about politics, and the language he used to express his opinion of the Malvy-Caillaux gang was most picturesque.

Their propaganda had caused much trouble last year. They had used the women of the street to await the arrival of trains of permissionaires at railroad stations, seducing the men to go and drink with them and talk their insidious peace talk, mutiny, etc. The General had himself a case in point.

One evening, last year, he was telephoned to come at once to a certain station on the road to Chalons, beyond here, that there was serious trouble, rioting of permissionaires at the station. First the General telephoned for troops to meet him at the station, but to do nothing until his arrival. Then he started in his car, and got there to find that these men had had a five minute stop at this station and had used it to cut the couplings of the cars, to terrorize the engineers, to loot two wagons of cider, sidetracked in the station, to pull up the ballast of the tracks and to stone anyone who came near them, yelling: "We want

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peace, no more fighting, no more officers, no more Generals!"

By the time the General got there, the riot was in full swing, fourteen hundred men in it. He, entirely alone, without arms, only his cane. The station authorities begged him not to approach the men, nor to speak to them. But he did. And he gave them a great talk. "Nous voulons la paix," they yelled. "Eh bien, je la veux aussi moi et vous allez me la fôutre," he answered.

They wouldn't listen to reason, they were too drunk, so the General gave the signal for the troops he had telephoned for to go on. Then he turned to the rioters again: "Every man goes into those cars at the point of the bayonet, and any man who climbs out of a car is shot." A few threw some stones at him, but he stood there, with his cane, calmly. The engineer was afraid to go back into the engine, so the General got up into the engine cab beside him. Then most of the men saw sense, and he accordingly had their permissions stamped and the train pulled out of the station. The General went to the telephone and called the officer in command at Chalons. He told him just what had happened, to meet the train, to let those men whose papers were stamped go on, and "to deal with the others as necessary." The General said he thought some thirty

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of them were shot. "Now," he said, "you appreciate those coquins who spread such poisonous talk."

It is true, however, that this occurred last year, and as he said this situation no longer exists. Now, the morale of the army is magnificent, but the general staff must have "du cran" to have won out as it has, against the political traitors who were continually endeavoring to "knife" it in the back.

He seems to think the coming German offensive is beginning, and in the region near Rheims. The objectives being to get Chalons and to bring their line down and beyond Chateau-Thierry. He does not think they will succeed and said he would not be surprised if Foch were waiting for this offensive to start, to get going and about the third day, give them "something" good and hard. From the way he spoke, I felt the worst hour was over. He used to be with Foch and is wildly enthusiastic about him and his great wisdom and true judgment.

The General lost his only son at the beginning of the war. He can't speak of him without tears in his eyes. The boy was wounded in the head and took twenty-seven days to die.

D. G. has to go as Officier de Liaison to General Gouraud in command of the Chalons sector, so he

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will probably be right in the thick of the next fighting. D. G. said they were terribly short of Officiers de Liaison, just now.

Fortoiseau, July 10, 1918.

I enclose some articles to interest you: two on French politics by the man who started the Malvy-Caillaux row and investigation and one from the *Matin* on our medical organization here, which is what might be called in New York American a "creel." They say creeling is so very much the fashion these days but I can't very well believe it. Some "buts" might be spoken about the M. C., of the A. E. F. The object of this article, as well as the photographs in the New York Sunday papers of the sanitary trains and all that's being done for the wounded, is obvious. As a matter of fact, too much visiting and over-doses of ice cream and chocolate cake are going on in the Paris hospitals and such awful old "tanks" and "saucisses" in uniform I have never seen. The passport department in Washington must be an institution for the blind.

Early this spring the lawyer who went to Germany to pilot Mrs. B. back to America came to Paris to see a certain secretary in the United States Embassy, who was a friend of his, to warn him that he and all the people he was interested in should leave Paris, as the Crown Prince had ad-

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vised Mrs. B. to save her friends in Paris while there was yet time, as he was going to take the city and enter it in triumph shortly after the offensive, to be started in March, should have reached its successful climax. This story went all over Paris, and when I was told that the United States secretary only shrugged his shoulders, other people did not, and they were badly frightened. But every one was very much surprised that such a personal friend of the Hohenzollern family as Mrs. B. apparently was, should be allowed to go back to America.

General I. has declined Joe's plans which I have mentioned to you recently. I think they would rather have regular army officers in important positions, and as the French do not place the same valuation on Philippine experience that they do, the same thing will happen this year as happened last: talk and more talk, propositions and counter-propositions and finally the polite getting out of it by the French, because they do not care to deal with the class of surgeon who frankly admits that he has come to France to teach French surgeons how to care for their wounded.

It discourages me dreadfully to see Joe go heart and soul into some plan which would help our men to get care *quicker* and better, to collect a whole lot of data and information, giving hours of his time and then to have the result of it all, a

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pigeon-hole, with "many thanks." Later I suppose his plans and suggestions will be taken down from the shelf by some "regular," and carried through with a big hurrah and much credit. Oh, the amount of time wasted, the number of useless talks, the not getting down to doing things at once and *ahead* of time, make my heart ache, especially as our mistakes are creoled and we are not allowed to profit by them. There is something else besides words.

Fortoiseau, July 12, 1918.

Your letter of June 13 came last evening. It seemed rather in a minor key about everything.

One thing I want to get clear in your mind, as I see you are somewhat confused about it, and that is what is meant by "brigading" American troops with the French and English. Divisions are put in as divisions, not as regiments or battalions, so the unity is not broken. The Marines went in as a division and there is no idea of breaking them up. Our officers are under French advice and direction and in view of many things this would seem the best way to give our troops a chance to be *well* and *carefully* used. The officers who have been in this hell for four years are much more careful of lives and much more appreciative of what certain brilliant and not absolutely necessary actions cost, than the officer fresh from the United States, with the vision of our hundred million

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population dulling his sense of the value of each individual life. I believe there are also quite a few differences in the way we use our artillery and other things, but fortunately we are in France and under a French boss and unity is absolutely necessary. It will be a long time before our men can be an army under its own General. It is better thus, the war will be sooner won.

I am much more cheerful about the whole business than I was and I have hope that this next German attack will be handled as the last one on Compiègne was.

Fortoiseau, July 13, 1918.

Now that it's over and enough behind us for me to feel more secure, I can tell you that on one of those days Joe came here he told me the Commanding General of the Paris region had sent for him to arrange about the evacuation of the nurses and women of his hospital and had told him that of course as commanding officer of the hospital he would remain on duty with those patients who could not be moved, *when the Germans entered Paris*. The possibilities of this situation were pretty bad. I nearly died of fright but I had to be brave and say nothing. Things looked very black.

I lunched yesterday at General B.'s and there were other officers, both French and American there. Their conversation was far from pessimis-

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tic and they seemed to feel that the situation at present is encouraging. They were sure that the tide had turned and that the next German offensive would be checked. The mastery of the air is now conceded to the Allies on most parts of the front. The Gothas are being used by the Germans to defend their munition dumps and to cover the moving of their troops against the Allies' air attacks. What will be the balance in our favor when the United States airplanes are here?

There is a big fourteenth of July celebration at the American aviation camp near here in honor of the French. The officers have invited us to go so we shall motor over.

Fortoiseau, July 16, 1918.

On Sunday night at eleven o'clock we were all awakened by the most terrific cannonade I have ever heard. The big guns roared and every window and door in the house shook and rattled. The worst thunderstorm I have ever heard was nothing compared to the noise. And we are over sixty kilometres from the firing line . . . just imagine what it must have been at close range. The whole sky was red. It kept up until four o'clock. Then we knew that the expected German attack had begun, and on the front from Chateau-Thierry to Rheims, as the sound came that way. We can always tell where the fighting is, as the different parts of the line give entirely

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different qualities of sound. The wind being south, against the direction of the firing, we heard it with terrific distinctness. When the wind is with the sound: north, we hardly hear the guns at all. This south wind is against the Germans as they can't use their gasses, and we can. Many people thought they were delaying their attack hoping the wind would change, as each time they have had the wind they wanted. Today it is south, we have had heavy showers and last night a severe thunderstorm, so this time the weather is not helping the Germans. There was no news to be had yesterday morning. I was frantic. Joe is away. Chamont-Langres-Tours. Another lecture at the college at Langres and an appointment with General X. to try and get his hospital plan through. It is now blocked by the Medical Committee of the army.

A French friend of mine came down to lunch and brought with her a man who is in munition and other factories and very close to the government people. He was far from cheerful. He said the government was very anxious about this attack, that it was the biggest and hardest one yet, that the German "armée de choc" was one million, five hundred thousand men, that the French one, on the contrary, had been largely cut into for help for the English, that losses and prisoners had much reduced our numbers, that this attack

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would probably be on the Compiègne front and that they might gain some ground. This man also told me that the Japanese had landed at Vladivostok on Thursday.

At noon the mail brought me a letter from David Gray written on the 12th. He is near Montaigne de Rheims with General Gouraud: "All the news I hear is good. We are ready for them everywhere and for everything that may happen, so there is no need to be nervous about anything. No one seems to know what is keeping the Hun quiet, except that they are not quite ready. But when they are ready, they are going to have a hot reception. So don't be nervous."

At two o'clock I got the communiqué from the General's office at Melun by telephone. This one was very different from the one the first day of the other attack. Compare them yourself. Then I got a reassuring telephone message from Paris that the Germans were being held everywhere, that only on one point had they advanced some two hundred yards. I felt better by that time, but I had had palpitations all the morning. You would too, after the crashing of those guns through the night. My nerves are still buzzy, and the responsibility of my small children so near the front is enough to make me nervous.

This morning's communiqué is *really* good. I think we can all be of good heart. If we keep on

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as we have begun, it is the beginning of the end for the Germans, and as it is the first time they have attacked without carrying off a grand-stand success, I feel the effect is not going to be good on the morale of their troops. I was told that the attacking army is General Von Galwitz's army, the only one not yet used.

It is a gigantic battle over eight kilometres long and it must be the supreme effort of the Germans. We have anxious days ahead, but we have started off well; for the first time, there has been no surprise.

Fortoiseau, July 19, 1918.

I spent the whole afternoon at the Melun hospital in the ward with our men. The hospital was rather swamped as they had been filled up at two A. M. with wounded. Seven Americans had been brought in with their own French. They waited until I got there to get their names and all the details of their injuries. Have you ever thought of what "shell shock" is? Well, it is the most unnerving thing to see. One of our men had it. Until I was able to make him understand me as I sat beside him, no one could get him to speak, or eat or drink. Wild eyes, mad, *horrible*. Another man, wounded in the head, probably mortally, cried like a baby when he heard my American voice speaking words he could understand. The others are less badly hurt, and how

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they loved the papers, and the fruit and my visits. The hospital staff were all so busy that I was left entirely alone in the ward with these men the whole afternoon . . . and do you know, I was happy, for I was of service to my own and there was no one to interfere.

You have no idea of how thrilling the account of those who could talk, was of the fighting at Chateau-Thierry in which they were. They had been sent to dig trenches last Sunday against the German attack which was expected to come on Monday. The Germans came on ahead of time. These men, who were engineers, had only one machine gun to defend them, and the man who had it ran up and down on the top of the trench firing all the time, so the Germans thought the Americans were well protected by several machine guns and stayed in the village, fearing to attack. Then the French came up to relieve our men. As usual, we were short of ambulances, and these men were picked up by a French ambulance and put on a French train for Melun.

They told me the Germans were in for a thrashing. I never heard such confidence. They say the Germans are scared to death of the Americans and give themselves up, but that the German army has a great many big guns and machine guns, more than we have, and that's the reason they can hold at all. If what these men tell me

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is true, forty thousand Germans will be caught in their salient below the Marne today.

Joe came down late last night. Very tired and blue. He brought me the correspondence about the big hospital down here which would prevent just the situation which brings our men to Melun. Colonel K. has thrown the whole thing down hard and there doesn't seem to be any use of trying to help them clear up their own mistakes. They like to think and act as if France were Cuba.

Anyhow, Joe will try today to arrange for an ambulance to come down from Paris and bring these men from Melun into his own hospital. I left there late in the afternoon and their wounds had not yet been touched. The nurses told me the French were so much worse wounded than ours, that ours would have to wait their turn. And we have *grand* base hospitals with empty beds, far away south . . . doesn't it make you sad and angry?

The news in the morning's paper is so good, that I can hardly believe it. We have so much bad news that today I just want to weep. I can't stand the relief.

Joe telephoned me today. He was terribly excited over the news, saying word has just come that our first, second and third divisions had taken sixteen thousand prisoners yesterday, that they were pushing on, that it looked as if the

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Germans were on the run. He said he had been told that the Americans took Soissons at four A. M. He was good to listen to. He had been ordered up to Compiègne this afternoon to help the evacuation of the wounded from up there.

Oh, if only we can end this war soon and end this hell. For hell it is for the soldiers, the people, all of us . . . even me.

Fortoiseau, July 22, 1918.

I went into Paris yesterday and spent all day at the hospital. I don't think it is possible for me to give you an idea of what that place is like. Everybody overworked, every ward overcrowded . . . most of my time was spent at the bedside of a young man who intermittently, through hours of the day, told me his story which I want to get to you. I think I shall write it to you in a way which may enable it to pass the censor. . . .

"The other night I dozed off to sleep with the dull distant din of the cannon booming in my ears, far away, off in the direction of Chateau-Thierry . . . and then I woke up in a dream.

"I seemed to be in a crowded camion, and we were all on the way to the front. The attack was to be at four A. M. What hours and hours we had waited for the camion, we had none of our own, they were to be provided by the French, there was some unexplained delay, and as I waited I felt if only we were handling our own transpor-

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tation there would have been none of those weary hours. . . .

“The roads were rough and we rattled along all night. Then we stopped. Eight miles to ‘hike,’ so as to be on time for the attack, not one minute for food or rest. Tramping on into the night. All the time I was thinking of how it would feel to face the music. We had only reached France July 1st and did not know much about the war. We had been quiet at Toul. We had the word to start barely in time to get ready, and something had gone wrong about our rations. I had nothing to eat since a day and a night. As I tramped along I thought about the way I’d get a real crack at the Dutchies, and damned their Kaiser for starting all this bloody mess and messing up the whole world. I had been a mechanic in New York state, but I went into the army because I felt I just had to get those Dutchies. God, I was hungry as I tramped along. I wondered why our food had gone astray and would we get anything when we got there, before we went into the fight.

“Then suddenly we were there, and so was the food outfit, but it was useless, because there was no time to do any cooking, we had to go right on and into the fight and attack. They got us some coffee. I drank two cups and as I had some candies in my pocket, I sucked some of those and off I went ‘over the top’ as the British say.

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“The noise was terrific, our guns were smashing above us and the Germans were going back before us. My heart was beating, we were winning, on we went blindly into the noise and smoke. Into the hell of it. ‘Duck into that dugout, shell coming!’ shouted my Sergeant and I ducked. A blinding terrible blow on my head.

“I staggered out of the hole crying for help, blood was blinding me, I couldn’t see anything. I guess I had been there a while before I staggered out, probably knocked silly by the blow. It hurt so I couldn’t bear the pain and I couldn’t see a damn thing and there didn’t seem to be any one near, the noise was farther away. Then I yelled for help, over and over again. But there was no answer. Then I heard the noise of a motor in the dark, for I was still blinded by the wound in my head, and I shouted as loud as I could. They heard me and stopped. I tried to explain, but they were all French and couldn’t understand. But they did go and find an American officer and he was good to me. He led me along until we got to a first aid station. They gave me something to drink and to eat, and said I had better not get any operating on the wound until I reached a base hospital. They washed and bandaged my wound and it felt better. Then I was started on my way back, first in the ambulance, then in the train. We got to a hospital.

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But I guess it was sort of a makeshift place. There were no beds for us. We lay on stretchers on the ground. There must have been a lot of us. They were groaning all around and crying in pain—there were men dying. I heard them dying. It was hot as hell. I felt the sun burning me up. There were millions of flies. Somebody came and gave us water. We were all so thirsty it didn't seem as if we could ever drink enough. Presently I heard voices. Some officers were talking. One of them said there was a surgeon from Paris with them. That man had a kind voice. I heard him saying that the operating room was just a shed, that there was only a small basin of water for the surgeons to wash up in, no convenience for doing anything as it should be done. He seemed to feel very badly about what he was seeing. Then I heard the rumble of a cart, and somehow, blind as I was, I *saw* the wagon. It was full of dead men. There were legs and arms sticking out in every direction. They were going to bury them . . . how? where? . . . and the flies were crawling over all of us, the living and the dead. But I could not see, I could only hear. It was a fearful mess.

“Well, they moved me into the train. They said I was to go to a Paris hospital.

“When I got there, that is here, it was all crowded. I lay with the others all night on my

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stretcher on the ground floor. They were good to us. They bathed us and gave us cool water. In the morning they moved me to a bed. And I slept! Oh, how I slept!

"The next morning somebody came and sat by me and fed me, just as if I were a baby. I felt she was sorry. She said she would write to my people for me.

"Before she came I had been operated on. I heard the surgeons say they might have to graft some skin. After the operation they bandaged me up again. But I can't see . . . oh, when will I see? I kept asking the lady this, and she said maybe not for six weeks. And then the same voice I had heard up at that hospital where I had gone first, spoke to the lady, saying I was to be moved on in the morning, probably to Bordeaux to be sent home.

"So I guess I am through with the Dutchies and it won't be long before I see the old Statue of Liberty again in New York harbor.

"Say, ma'am, I'll sure *see* by then?' I said. 'Perhaps,' she answered."

And then, I heard the distant booming of the guns towards Chateau-Thierry, and I was *I* in my bed, and the perspiration was pouring down my forehead and *horror* was in my soul. And I had a vision of a self-satisfied, smug-faced man who sat at our table a year ago last July 10th or 12th,

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and listened to what my husband said and later when he had left us, spoke to others of "the trouble those damned New York specialists have given me ever since they came over." Will that man's day of reckoning ever dawn?

Of course everywhere the line is not like that.

I spoke to many men in the hospital yesterday, and they were so brave, so patient, so sure we are winning the war, that I know we shall. But not just yet. We may push them back to the Aisne now, or we may do much more. This battle may be the decisive victory of the war. No one can tell yet. In another couple of days we shall be better able to judge. If the Germans only *retire* now, and aren't *licked*, it will mean that we shall have to give them another beating in the early fall and *that* beating will be the end of them and, I think, of the war. I firmly believe now, the end is in sight. Our men have done their share. The Germans have got the first taste of the kind of hell we are going to give them.

They know they are beaten. Wait and see the results of this battle in Germany and in the countries allied with her.

They tell me the airplane situation is improving daily, so we may be able to give them a dose of their own medicine before long, and in General Foch we have a Commander-in-Chief who is proving himself the superior of Ludendorff. He is

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out-manœuvring him and outwitting him. Germans are heavy through and through. Always according to rule, and once their plan is deranged they are not quick enough to make changes to meet unexpected emergencies.

Be of good hope. Our victory is in sight.

Fortoiseau, July 24, 1918.

I seem to leave so many things unwritten that I have in my heart. I suppose it would do no good to write them. The war must be won and some things are better left unwritten.

But I earnestly hope it will be long before our army is dependent on nobody but themselves for airplanes to chase the Germans from over their heads, for great guns unlimited, to keep abreast with our infantry, for ambulances, field hospitals and supplies. If we had prepared, even while we were neutral, many lives would have been saved. We must remember, that for four years, France and England have been fighting our war for us. What Wilson says we are fighting for today, was being fought for in 1914. We are fighting to win peace and a *possible world*, as much for ourselves, as for France. The United States has done much for France, more than we seem to realize. Money, which can be abused and minimized by the righteous who haven't got it, is nevertheless one of the main sinews of war. Our gifts, our loans, our

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materials, have been great factors. We have done ten thousand times more for France than we have done for England and England has been as lavishly generous to France as we have, and *she* was *in* the fight. She was giving her men, as well as her tremendous gifts in pounds and shillings.

The one thing to do is to forget what some countries of Europe left undone for us in 1898, to close our eyes to certain conditions now, and to use any and every influence to get *our own stuff* in every department over here, with as little delay as possible, so as to make our next offensive Germany's final defeat.

We don't want words and congratulatory telegrams. We want *our* guns, *our* supplies, *our* ambulances, *our everything*, and without delay. We were asked for men and we sent them. They have fought, given their youth, their blood, their limbs, their lives. Those at home will soon know what *war* is, for many homes will be bereaved. We have only just begun.

The sooner we can do for our own, *completely*, the sooner the war will be won. Remember *that* every minute, speak the word every time the opportunity comes to reach those in positions to get things done.

Some day I'll tell you all the things that are making my heart ache . . . some day after the

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war when you and I are far away from all this, then I can speak all I leave unwritten now.

I got a very enthusiastic letter from D. G. last night. As you know he was in that offensive on General Gouraud's staff. He says this defeat is Germany's Waterloo. It may well be, who can tell what the results will be for Germany.

Fortoiseau, July 25, 1918.

Honestly it makes me sick to see how scared all our friends are to make any comment . . . on the weather or the barometer. Even Joe says to me please not to write anything about this man or that condition, as criticism from me would be considered as coming from him, and he could not afford to make any remarks.

To answer your questions about the Red Cross. The American newspapers are, apparently, continually telling you all about their various works over here. I assure you that they are *always* ready to cooperate with Joe, their men trying to help out in times of rush and besides giving the patients all kinds of extra "treats"—ice cream, cigarettes, etc. Yesterday one of their men was going all around through the wards giving men cigarettes and lighting them for them, as they lay on the stretchers, either waiting for operation or to be put in beds, as beds became available.

They have sent the housekeeper ice cream

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freezers, and they are going to supply the materials to make the ice cream in the hospital, so that it can be given regularly and we shall not be dependent on outside organizations like that club of Beeckman's, which means well but is rather in the way, when the whole place is overcrowded and everyone is rushed to death doing the things which *have* to be done. The men care more for ice cream and cigarettes than they do for any other "treat." And as one can not buy either, you can see that we are grateful to the Red Cross. Always, as far as financing the hospital is concerned, the organization has been splendid and the heads, evidently, appreciate the work that Joe is doing.

I read the article in *Scribner's* you refer to, and it bored me. The author had evidently been away from the war, and in America, for some time, and his theories were very old-fashioned. Everything changes all the time in the war. Unless one is right here, one cannot keep up with it. This last week has transformed the whole situation. Our men were an unknown quantity. They went in and fought like heroes. They are winning the war.

In the hospital there were French and American soldiers in a certain ward; I had been talking to them for a while, and one of the Frenchmen said to me:

"Madame, you should tell your compatriots

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not to fight with such completely crazy courage. They let themselves be massacred. I have never seen such madmen as they are. *We* know better how to protect ourselves.” “What’s he saying to you?” asked an American. I translated.

“Hum,” answered my compatriot, “you tell that Frenchy that’s just why the war has lasted so long, *they* are too careful. *We* are in this to lick the Dutchies, and to lick them *good* and as quick as we can. If we do get hurt and killed, those Dutchies are well scared of us, and they run; if they didn’t have so many more machine guns than us, they would run a damned sight faster.” And that *is* the difference. The Allied armies have been in this terrible war so long their men cannot have the punch and vim of young and fresh men, such as ours. You have no idea how much good our successes have done to the morale of the French. The French haven’t got that dogged tenacity of the British, which would keep England fighting to her last man (I think *his* name would be the Duke of M., who has kept in the safe job of king’s messenger right along), and the Americans have acted on the whole French nation as a tonic and a brace and this counts as much as victory on the battlefield.

These last few days have been full of many things. A mixture of events and conversations. It seems that Soissons has been lost and taken

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five times since this offensive started. Now it will not be taken again by the French until they can get, not only into it, but well beyond it. Strategically, it is a dangerous city for our troops, on account of the lay of the land, and must be widely held in order to be held with safety.

The situation now is good. The Allies control the main road from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry, which is either within their lines or under their fire. So the Germans are fighting their rear-guard actions with their crack troops, thus giving time for the rest of the army to get back, saving what they can, destroying the rest.

A Frenchman told me one of the German Generals said:

“The French may win, but we shall leave them nothing in France but their eyes to weep their losses.”

The fires of destruction light up the skies at night as the German leaves his mark. The mark of Cain it shall be for him and his children's children. I saw General B. in Paris yesterday afternoon for a minute. I said I would never forget the way our men endured discomfort, delay and suffering without complaint. He said the conditions have been very difficult as the French had said:

“Send us men and we will feed them, transport them, take care of them, give them hospital beds,

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only, send us *men* !” And the General said we had sent men, and then all the French promises were hard to fulfil and the Chemin des Dames losses of hospitals and hospital supplies did not make anything easy.

“Well,” I answered, “if we were to send our men in with the French, coupled with them in alternating divisions, why could we not get ahead with our preparations? We have known for a good many months that our men were to be used with the French—why not have worked our surgeons and all our life-saving and pain-saving paraphernalia in with them *ahead* of time? Care for our own from the field of battle to the base hospital.” And later, I have no doubt our organization will be perfect in every detail, and when we make the final big offensive, it will be a steam-roller-palace-car, all American affair, and the troubles and the worries of these days will be forgotten. Believe me, to our soldiers we owe all the appreciation, all the honor we can give, for *they* have made good, and as heroes.

Why, those men I saw in the hospital yesterday had each a story to tell, a life with the best of a soul. One man was blinded by gas. He had been in a gas attack. His mask was on right, but his pal’s wasn’t. So he took off the eye part of his mask (I believe the masks are difficult to see through) to help the other man and he got gassed.

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They may save his sight. That's what his act of helpfulness cost him. And they are all like that, loyal to the man next, even at a terrible price. Another side, and a curious one, is that, as they told me, they are grand souvenir hunters. Every time they get a chance to get German mementoes they do. One man had collected German cigarettes. . . .

General Pershing visited the hospital two days ago. Joe said he was very nice with the men, spoke to nearly each one and told them how proud we all are of them. General Fevrier, who came over to go through the hospital with General Pershing, announced to Joe that the Germans had come to Paris, and then continued with a smile that there were German corpses floating down the Seine, which had come all the way from the Marne and had been fished out in Paris. Gruesome, this, a picture for a Doré.

Today I went over to the Melun hospital. They are terribly crowded too, but no Americans this time. All French. They have no extras as our boys have and they were so grateful for the grapes and fruit I took them. One boy, a mere child, who had been operated on yesterday and was pretty sick, burst out crying when I handed him a bunch of grapes:

"They are so good," he said, "we used to have them growing at home." And these boys need

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extras even more than our men . . . wounds and suffering are everywhere just now, it seems as if none of us could ever do enough.

Fortoiseau, July 27, 1918.

Paris was put in the war zone after the Chemin des Dames advance, for several reasons: should a further advance have occurred necessitating evacuation of civilians so as to let the soldiers defend the city street by street, *as they were prepared to do*, the General's staff would not be hindered by the civil administration. The situation at that time was very black, furthermore, there were undercurrents which made the possibility of riots emanating from the political opponents of Clemenceau, a danger only to be met by the firm military arm.

Those days are behind us. For the present, Clemenceau is on the crest of the wave, where we hope for all our sakes, he will remain. But the Germans are not so very far from Paris yet, and I am sure it is better to keep the city under military control for some time to come. When the Germans shall be quite a bit farther away, and Malvy and his crowd either in exile or in kingdom come, I think Paris will go back to civil control.

Joe telephoned me this morning that the medical men he had seen were not so worried about

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some things as he was himself. I said: "Politics or heartlessness?"

That's the thing that makes me boil. *Self* first and all the time and to hell with the man who wants to help right what's far from right! Joe takes his "cases" hard. You would think each one of those boys was his own. Of one thing the relations of the men who go to his hospital can be sure, they get more care than anywhere else. Joe goes over every case, even those he does not operate himself; decides on their operation, making long rounds every day. He carries every case in his head and in his heart, too. That's why he gets so tired. If he were a wooden surgeon, like some I could mention, it would be easier for him. Some nights he has been here, he can't sleep. He gets the horrors over the wounds and the operations, worrying as to whether each man is getting exactly the right care and treatment. Many an American mother and wife can be forever grateful to him.

Fortoiseau, July 28, 1918.

Recent clippings from the New York papers brought me cheerful snapshots of old friends and accounts of balls and parties which I found shocking. When I think of our men fighting, suffering, dying on the battlefield, or as I have seen them in our hospital, I cannot bear to know that there are people in America who can want balls and par-

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ties. It seems heartless beyond belief. The war has not come home to those people yet . . . well, the ships are bearing a burden of pain and courage across the sea, which *will* bring the war home to all.

And we shall have to pay much more in suffering and men before the German is beaten. There has been a check, yes, but it will have to be more than that before the only terms we can offer, are accepted. There are months of bloody fighting ahead. This is not the time for balls and parties; over here we cannot think of such things, they jar terribly.

Fortoiseau, July 29, 1918.

I cannot yet make up my mind as to how big a thing this German retirement is. We are still too close to it. I almost wonder if there haven't been two camps in the German high command; Hindenburg with the plan to smash through the British, dividing them from the French, and driving to Calais; and the Ludendorff-Crown Prince plan to get Paris at any cost. The Kaiser between the two.

If Hindenburg's plan had been carried through and all the German forces used to push, the Crown Prince shut up, the situation today would have been very different. Now, one thing is certain: our army is here, our men are real soldiers and the very fact that they have not been in the war

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through four years is one of the main factors of their success. When our army shall be equipped in every department and altogether an *army*, you will see the absolute annihilation of the German forces. Even if this present retreat does not become the rout, which it still may at any time, the tide has turned, America is winning the war and is winning it with handicaps.

Every day I live and hear all I do, I am prouder of our soldiers' courage and endurance. I only wish I could write you more fully. There are things which might be so much better if only we had a bigger corps of liaison officers, covering especially the Medical Department's relations with the French. More use could be made of their good will. I wish the powers that be in Washington would appoint a first-class business man, not a doctor, nor a dentist, as liaison officer for the American Medical Corps with the French Service de Santé to look after our interests. The care of our wounded is a great big part of this war and on certain things done now depend the after-war conditions of our wounded and how they will affect the future life of our country. The better immediate care of our men means fewer cripples in the future to weigh us down in many ways. I get wrought up about everything because I want our services to be first class.

All day yesterday the refugees passed our gates

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again, but going the other way, back to their homes. They didn't stop this time, they were going as fast as they could. And these days I am glad to see their beasts and their loaded wagons going down the road. But what shall they find left of their old homes? . . .

Fortoiseau, August 1, 1918.

From what Colonel Z. told me yesterday we have quite a number of divisions in France ready to go in, and our men have fought better and better as time has passed. It seems they found an order on a German officer telling his men that he had two green American divisions in front of them, the First and Second, that they were to hammer them with guns day and night, to attack them every night, and by this they would unnerve them and easily beat them. It just happened to happen the other way. This particular division covered itself with glory.

This friend of mine was terribly upset in his recent trip by the fact that the odor of decaying bodies was terrific. They can not bury them deep enough in the short time the men are given for this job. It would be better if we followed the German plan of having a special burial corps attached to each army instead of detailing part of our troops back to do it.

Neither he, nor any one else I have seen, thinks

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the Germans will do anything big this fall and before they are ready to strike again, it will be too late. In fact, a certain French General rather gave me the feeling that we might be doing something ourselves before winter. Mind you, he didn't say so in so many words but as I listened to him talk I had the feeling there is something under way. Evidently the Germans had indeed planned a real big thing. To take Chalons, get to Melun, compelling the French to evacuate Verdun and all that front by their advance, and to take Paris. They had accumulated the most remarkable amount of material and four hundred thousand men in the salient above Chateau-Thierry to carry it through. Foch out-generaled them and with very much smaller numbers has really given them a check of a kind which will be almost equal to a big defeat. Had he had more men we could have pinched the two Horns: before Soissons and Rheims and then there would have been a real rout, a disaster to end the war then and there. In any case, because of the present situation, we need not fear that the war will drag on during weary years of fighting, and blood and death.

Fortoiseau, August 3, 1918.

The war news is grand today and I am wondering if the worst is not to happen to the Germans before many months. Today's news certainly

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does not look like a long war and that means we will all be together before we are old.

Fortoiseau, August 8, 1918.

I hear that the French have brought up their big guns to the edge of the Vèslé and that they are pounding the Germans between the Vèslé and the Aisne, to pieces. It's just a question as to how long the Germans can stand it, before they get back on the Aisne. There is a feeling that something else is on in the near future, that now General Foch is a Marshal he will use his baton on the Germans good and hard.

Fortoiseau, August 12, 1918.

To answer your question as to the efficiency of our "top" officers. I hear our first army is now organized, that Pershing and his officers are in full command. They will undoubtedly be in action before long, and you will soon know just what their measure of excellence is, by the way they win their laurels and the way they save their men in winning them. I should not be a bit surprised if this army went into action on the Vèslé and were given the chance of pushing the Germans back on the Aisne and beyond, as their first job.

To my mind a great deal more praise might be given to our men than they have received. At

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Chateau-Thierry the Marines barred the road to Paris, and if they had not fought there as they did, with heroic courage, against frightful odds and under conditions which enhanced their valor a hundred-fold, the Germans would have gone on to Meaux. Where would they have stopped? The other day General Pétain told an American lawyer I know, that Paris had indeed been in dire peril. . . . "A little quarter of an hour more," he said.

It's not only by their fighting that our men have saved France, it is by their influence and morale. The French have been through two bad defeats, of which the worst was the one at the Chemin des Dames, it seemed as if the Germans were invincible to the war weary troops; the politicians were all scared out of their senses, so were the civilians, and our men came into the fight and made good at the psychological moment. It was a dark hour. No one over in America appreciated its black danger, and now that it is behind us I feel we can never give enough credit to those men.

Today we have the great British victory to read about; a victory which does my heart good, for the English are our brothers and our race. They had tasted the bitterness of defeat in March and they have been able to prove of what stuff they are made. It's one thing to go in and win, when

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an army is new and full of vigor and without the knowledge of defeat and retreat, and quite another thing to go in and make good as the English now have, with an army tempered in the fire as they have been, weary, tired and in some cases inadequately officered. However, the papers have been good reading, and their offensive has turned into what now looks like the biggest victory since Foch took hold. Unity of command has turned out Gough and put in Rawlinson, and with the war wisdom of the French high command, I think the British soldiers' fighting worth will be a big factor in the Allies' victory. We have men with the British, as well as the French, the French are with the British too. It is one army now.

As to your estimation of Wilson and Hughes I can venture no opinion. I have met and talked with both men on occasions which were rather self-revealing incidents. I rather feel that Wilson understands the American public quite as well as the writer of the editorials in the *Evening Journal* does, and plays it, or shall I say uses it?

Wilson is a remarkable and clever man, a scholar, writer, a gifted speaker and knows the game of politics from A to Z. Do you know, I think he has grown, just because the French and British have been so enthusiastic about him. There is a species that does that. It flies all the higher and the sunlight transforms its wings into

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sunbeam scraps. We may, as a nation, find our way over the rainbow under his leadership. Rider Haggard would be just the writer to give a popular picture of his *reign*. "He" instead of "She." If only I were a Thackeray baked into a Dickens, what a real justice I might do to Wilson. Why aren't babies allowed to do the conception cooking of their beings, to choose the latent qualities in the spermatozoa which is to handicap their life? I would have mixed a little Dickens, a bit of Thackeray, a scrap of Socrates, and just a dash of Venus. Then I might have been a genius and reached the stars and stayed among them, or perhaps, have only kept them in my heart, always. Instead of which my fairy godmother only gave me the knowledge that there is a magic kingdom on earth, without teaching me how to find my way there.

The only real genius is finding expression. That's the divine spark, the Star of Bethlehem, the thing that makes creators. Just that was the quality the old Jew had who wrote the first chapter of Genesis. Why even today his words stand, although all knowledge proves he was a grand old liar. But he felt creation and he was able to write what he felt, or more probably, to speak it, and so—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away," to quote another Jew.

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Watch next Wednesday's news, see if there is not another attack in the center and later another, perhaps in the Vosges. Of course, what the Germans would like would be for the Allies to be satisfied that they have got the Germans back on their old lines, and doing nothing until next spring, when the Americans would bear the brunt of a big German attack, while the Germans would have all the winter months in which to prepare and get together, by hook or crook, a fresh army from somewhere.

Now I don't believe this will be General Foch's way of winning the war. I think he will keep on with the present style of moderately large offensive, hitting first the Crown Prince and then Rupprecht until he has finished them. With their armies so weakened that they can be discounted, why should he not give another blow in the Vosges? The English have fought well, their General Rawlinson works in with General Foch, the creating of Foch a Marshal has made the "supreme command" easy for Haig, proving that sometimes such acts are not only tokens of well-deserved appreciation to a great soldier, but the way to smooth out questions of rank.

If this is the course pursued, I maintain, all wise military experts to the contrary, that the end is several months closer to us than next year. If General Foch uses the initiative which he now

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has and keeps *on*, as his armies have been doing these last few weeks, the Germans can't stand it, and they will be beaten before the snow falls. So, watch out on the front around Compiègne and between the Vècle and the Aisne. Don't expect that the Germans are going to have any rest. They are not. Foch can now carry through his method and I am sure, win our victory.

Fortoiseau, August 15, 1918.

Do you realize the results of Foch's tactics? Amiens free and in use as a railway center; the Paris-Nancy line via Chateau-Thierry opened yesterday? These are feats of engineering. A French General told me yesterday that he would not be a bit surprised if a decision was reached before the winter. "They are perhaps not yet beaten, but they are pretty 'malade,'" he said.

Fortoiseau, August 18, 1918.

Last night I heard the thunder of the guns. I am wondering what the news will be in this evening's paper. I wonder if the attack was not below Rheims towards Toule and if the American army is in action. Many troop trains passed through Melun yesterday. I know that a certain French attacking army has been transferred in a southern direction. I had heard of the plans for last week, which didn't come off, and I am won-

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dering what is under way now; something, certainly. It is in the air. I have got a war sense now which is as sensitive as a film. I am so tired that I cannot write. I *feel* the guns . . . and the battle is before me, although I know we are attacking and that it is the only way to win, yet the battlefields are before me, a great expanse of horror. I know what the days of the coming week will be for us in the hospital if those guns in the night really meant an attack. There have been Gotha "alertes" for three nights at Melun but the Germans didn't get to Paris. After that last heavy fighting from the end of June to the beginning of July, two thousand wounded passed through Joe's hospital and it has a capacity of four hundred and fifty beds!

Fortoiseau, August 21, 1918.

I saw several people in Paris yesterday and I gathered that the German losses are very serious for them, as they have lost most of their shock troops, the troops they keep behind the lines in rest camps, when they are not fighting, and who are given extra and better food, than the rest of the army. It is, therefore, a real defeat for the Germans and they cannot launch another big attack before the spring. The reason they are able to put up such a resistance to the Allies is, that they had accumulated a tremendous amount

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of supplies of all kinds for their advance operations and have a great number of guns, especially machine guns. Furthermore, their remaining A 1 troops are opposite the Americans in the Toule section as the Germans are expecting an attack there. Incidentally, the attack I expected to come off last Wednesday, was pulled off yesterday very successfully. The news is very cheering, but if the United States insists on going to Vienna or Berlin, it will be a long walk.

I hear rumors that the Germans and Austrians are going to make a big attack on Italy this fall so as to get some sort of a victory before the winter, and I was told, if they do they are going to get a beating. General Wood wrote to a friend of mine—"I have been sent to California because I spoke the truth too much about the conditions of our men in France when I returned, but I hope to get back to France and to do more talking." Will it do any good?

It seems that where the Americans are with the British, from officer to private, they are treated like brothers, that the feeling is good and that our men are getting away from that old time prejudice against the British. I am afraid you will be thinking me an anglo-maniac, but only those of us who have been over here right along, can do justice to the noble courage of the British, and at present they need all the good-will we can

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give them, as the French are still sore about the defeat of the fifth army.

In these days one must grow. Life is a great and terrible opportunity. No one can ignore it, for it knocks at every door.

Fortoiseau, August 23, 1918.

I had a very interesting afternoon with a Colonel, Joe brought down. He is a good talker. He told us of an incident which occurred last week: one of the German prisoners was an American citizen, born in Wisconsin of German parents but with his wife and children in America. He was taken to a hospital and put in a ward with some Americans. At first all was quiet. Then he said: "I don't want to hurt you boys' feelings, but Germany is going to win this war!" . . . "The hell she is!" came a chorus. "I tell you she is, and if you had seen what I have seen in Germany you would all know it and" . . . well, every soldier in the ward that could move from his bed, moved, and they fell on him. The Colonel said there never was such a mess, and the German-American was moved to the Val-de-Grace.

Then he told us how, at the station in Paris when they were unloading a train, and loading the ambulances, there was one ambulance in which there was only one wounded, a Marine, so

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they said, "We'll put these German wounded in there." "If you do," says the Marine, "you'll only put them in, you'll never take them out again."

He told us how the German machine-gunners are left behind in nests which they cannot escape from, that they fire to their last round, and then come out with their arms up, dropping to the ground and kissing the feet of the Americans and begging for their lives. But the Americans don't believe in taking prisoners. They have had their experience. Those men in the nests are generally knifed. On the other hand, when they do take prisoners in a fair fight, they treat them decently. But they do make them work, much more than the British or French do. The Colonel said the worst thing in this retreat was that the Germans fled without ever burying their dead. "You've got to use a gas mask up there," he said. I asked the Colonel how long he thought it would last and he said next year would see the end of it. He gave me quite a few facts and figures concerning the planes and guns, which if true, proves we are doing more than is known. We took a great deal more booty in Gothas and other supplies than was published. The airdrome we took was full of machines, with all their supplies and men. Our advance was so rapid that the Germans could not even get into the planes to fly them. He said

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a Frenchman told him that the whole spirit of the French army was transformed by our men, that the Germans and French had got to the stage of sitting opposite to each other in the trenches, just making faces at each other, then the Americans came along, and disturbed the "Entente Cordiale."

I wish I could write all he told me. Much of it was of a nature not to be written now, only it was all good. Believe me, this Colonel is one of the few regular army medical men whom we have met who really knows his job, is crazy to make good and does not think he knows more than any one else. Many of them are discouraging to one's patriotism, jarring on one's heart as to attitude, disturbing to one's brain as to limitations, and distressing to one's ears as to English and voice.

The Roosevelts came down last evening. He has that same quality his father has of making the things he talks about "alive."

I asked him my usual question: "How long?" and he said he had recently had a "hunch" that the war isn't going to last much longer, but that he had no logical reason for his feeling. We compared notes and we both had the same war instinct, or rather, war-sensitiveness. He said the German line seemed to be mushy, and that the German machine was certainly going less smoothly. It was beginning to crack, but it wasn't cracked

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yet, and no one could tell how long it would take to get the Germans to the point of accepting the only possible terms, and the settling of the Russian question with the others. I said all questions would have to be settled on this front, that only here could the war be won, and he agreed with me.

Fortoiseau, August 30, 1918.

Yesterday in Paris I saw a mutual friend of ours. He was much less pessimistic and actually said he thought the war would be over by next summer. But he thinks the Germans are retreating because they are moving their best remaining troops before Metz, as they fear an American attack. The way the whole plan of this supposed attack is being discussed, is disgraceful, besides being very dangerous. I do not know how much is true and how much is untrue, but *nothing* should be known about any attack and if we are to make a success of our first big thing, orders ought to be issued to compel discretion. I am sure these green officers go playing around with the ladies and telling all they know, and then some. I fear any attack near the region where gossip has it coming, would cost us one hundred thousand men at least. All our men cannot keep up on the wonderful heights reached by the Marines and certain other divisions. An attack is a terrible test to untried soldiers. I'd rather

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see the other Allies doing most of this fighting with the Americans as helpers. Let us strike our big blow in March.

Fortoiseau, September 4, 1918.

Joe brought down President Schurman of Cornell to spend last night. He was most interesting, as he had been in London and had seen many of the important men there. Among others, Haldane, whom he had known for years. He spoke of the real man, of his intelligence, of his dreamer-like ways and how he would read Hegel at spare moments when he was on his committees. He told of how Lloyd George went to see him "quietly" to talk over things with him. He gave me another point of view about Haldane and made me feel that he was being made a scapegoat, and that we must not judge people by what we read in the press. President Schurman told us of General Smuts, and Balfour, and in fact, of all the big men. He seemed to think that the wave of optimism was running too high, and that the war could not be over before the beginning of 1919 at the earliest. He had been interested to notice the power of the labor party in England and how it seemed for all the leaders, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and even Foch to appeal to labor not to strike. Surely, it must be a dangerous force if it has to be "appealed" to by the heads of the army, and the state.

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It seems that an order has gone out that no New York papers or foreign papers, with reference to the Hughes airplane report, are to be allowed into England or France, and that any letter referring to this report is to be censored. This explains the three postal cards which go by this mail. If you cannot get the clippings I want to me, keep them in duplicate, as I must have them some day. Some day later, when nobody cares any more.

The news this morning is grand. It shows what the British soldier can do when he has first class officers, as he now seems to have. Recent changes have brought up new men, as you can see by the newspapers.

If we carry through our attack with the same success as the British, the end is in sight. From creaking, the German machine will crack apart. I look for the news tonight and the morning as crucial. Especially Mangin's army's approach to Pinon. If only they go five miles further, the whole Vèsle line retires.

I can see Foch sitting at his desk at headquarters, watching the reports, counting the numbers and divisions the Germans have in, and when the moment comes, and he feels it is the hour, launching another offensive further south, and then Foch will give the first American army the chance to win the final battle of the war.

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The next ten days may see great things. We are all on edge watching and waiting. Labor Day was rumored as the day of the attack.

Major H. told me yesterday that they were cock-sure at Chaumont. He referred to one man in particular to whom he had remarked that he thought it better to postpone his visit to a certain hospital because "if this attack starts it will of course be evacuated on account of the shelling and raids, so there is little chance of my seeing anything in the surgical line."

"The only chance is," the officer answered, "that, that hospital will have been left so far behind the lines, before you get there, that it will be too far for patients to be sent to it." At Chaumont they seem to think that taking Metz is just a snap and then on to Berlin.

Well, I am sorry to say, there is still quite something left of the German army, and there are such things as defenses on the Rhine, and it is not going to be a tango party getting across that river and into Germany.

Of course, I know there are men who think the French are holding the road to Paris, the British the road to Calais and that the Americans are on the road to Berlin . . . but "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" and we have only just begun. The fight may be short, but it is Germany's fight for existence, at any rate for a dynasty, and it

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will be a desperate, bloody battle and it will take all our valor and all the intelligence of our officers, high or low, to win the victory.

We will have to be more careful and talk less and not be so cocky if we want to bring this grim war to its end quickly and without terrible losses in men.

Fortoiseau, September 8, 1918.

H. G. is here over Sunday. He told me of an extraordinary experience he had had since I last saw him. He was down in the Toul sector on his Y. M. C. A. business, and came across a man who was driving a camion to a certain place in the line—he had supplies, etc., to go to the men in the trenches. This man was a real estate agent from some little place in the south. He had had no experience of any kind, had just arrived in France, had been driving the camion for a few days only, knew nothing of the roads, nor the way to his destination, had never had his gas mask on . . . well, G. felt it was not a fair deal, that he knew the road, etc., so he volunteered to ride with the man and to help him. They started. It was a wild ride. The Boche was shelling the road, they were just *not* hit over and over again. They met ambulances full of men who had been gassed. With great difficulty they found their way and got the supplies to the men in the trenches. Any one who thinks it is a “cinch” to be a Y. M. C. A.

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man makes a mistake. They all take dreadful chances. G. told me that they are very careful about religious propaganda in their organization. They leave that sort of work to the Knights of Columbus. By the way, *they* are doing a lot of proselytizing. Some of the army have spoken about it. I think they had better watch that organization. They say here that Germany is going to launch a fierce peace offensive, and that the Pope is to help. Believe me, the Knights of Columbus might help the Kaiser quite some if they had a mind to, as they have many opportunities and I wouldn't trust the Irish element in that organization around the corner. They hate the English and wouldn't stop at anything.

Joe told me that General I. told him the hospitals at the front were splendid, excellent, "too good." So as long as the chief is satisfied, everything must be the best possible. . . . We have a lot of self-satisfied junk in France and not only in the Medical Corps either.

Now as to the Red Cross. I was appealed to by some refugees who asked how they could get help from this organization. As H. is at present one of the Paris bosses, I sent him the request. Enclosed is his reply. What do you think of that? Now I have written him asking him to tell me what formalities it is necessary for these unfortunate people to go through before they can get help.

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This is not my idea of charity, but then I don't think the American Red Cross ought to help refugees in the first place. I think they ought to spend the American dollars for our soldiers over here and for the families of the soldiers in need at home. However, as long as the Red Cross is doing this refugee work, I would like to know whether this "red tape" is due to the salaried workers, and if so, I wonder if that's the way contributors at home want their money given . . . do you remember the money-changers in the temple?

The war news is wonderful. Day by day they are pushing the Germans back, and it looks as if the line would be on the Meuse by November. No one can tell anything until the American blow is struck. For that we are all waiting.

Fortoiseau, September 10, 1918.

Colonel Z. came down on Sunday. One of our really clever men in the medical corps. He said that enough important people had spoken the truth about conditions of hospitalization and transportation of wounded for us to see a radical improvement before long. One of the things he was very hot about was, that until recently our divisions had no labor corps for the burial of their dead. A detachment was sent back to bury the men they had been fighting beside the day before.

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Nothing was worse for the morale of the troops than that. It brought home in the most gruesome way the horrors of fighting. He said that now, in the division where he is, they have at last got a labor battalion for this work.

His descriptions of the conditions on the battlefields and villages after the Germans had retreated, was horrible. The Germans seem to have grown filthier as the war has progressed. He saw one of their large w. c.'s (only of course they were not really w. c.'s but just places used for that purpose), which was made from the columns of ancient beds, and hung with brocaded curtains and even *altar embroideries*. Evidently, the Germans had thought out the most insulting way in which they could use things most sacred to the French. In one church, used as a hospital, the holy water fonts were used as urinals. There's filth for you of a kind to make you appreciate the *beast* the German is. My friend saw such acts of low and obscene debauchery that I cannot write about it.

He says that now the battlefields are cleaned up, but the delay, unavoidable, because other things had to be done first, had caused millions of flies to breed. They had brought dysentery to the troops. They have had many losses from this. The flies are the scourge of the battlefield, and not by any means the least of its dangers.

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The Red Cross has done much to help out this hospital situation. They were able to give the surgical supplies which were lacking everywhere, and other real aid. Just because of their usefulness in this direction I feel it would be better for the Red Cross to confine itself to the care of the wounded and disentangle itself from all the outside issues it has gotten itself into.

I sent for the *Atlantic Monthly* and read the articles. I rather side with Repington. The war must be *won* on this front. Keep on the defensive elsewhere, but concentrate offensive here. Fight here, win here.

We can't afford big forces in the other places and "small packages" are a loss. We never until now have had as many men as the Germans, and even now there is always a menace that the Germans may get an enormous mercenary army from Russia and prolong the war. I am convinced that providing Ludendorff can hold the Hindenburg line now, by the spring he will have another army from Russia to meet us, thus prolonging the war a year.

This week is, in my mind, the crucial point of the whole war. If the Germans are compelled, either by the taking of Cambrai and Laon by the French, or by a big American attack, to fall back from their present line to the Meuse, I think we shall fight them to such a near-victory before

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Christmas, that the final blow will be in March and peace negotiations will be on for the summer. If, on the other hand, the Germans stay where they now are, we shall have to start the whole thing over again in March and make another formidable effort then. With the probable asset of Russian-bought soldiers, we may have rough going.

The French have been doing a lot of stiff fighting since the 18th of July. Their cards are on the table. Voilà! May we move those *beasts* out of the quarries and subterranean trenches *now* and win. I am almost sure we shall, but I am afraid to let myself get too cheerful about the situation, for they have certainly prevented their defeat from being a rout. I wish we had had the men to do more. With French help I think our men are the greatest fighters in the world. I tell you the French army men are the best in France, and because of them we can close our eyes to the "gutter-politicians."

Rumors are rife of our attack. If only that "Lieber Alter Gott" would drop the Germans for good and all, and give *us* the good weather and the good winds and all the help he has lavished on them, I think the actual fighting will be over before the new year . . . incidentally, I think Italy will be the most trouble when the peace conference comes. She will want more and be willing to concede less than any of the other

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Allies. You wait and see. They are great on rhetoric. Fancy taking all that risk and using all that gasoline for D'Annunzio to drop *words* on Vienna . . . note, that was a truly Italian performance. There is no use wasting words on Germans or Austrians.

I am wondering why Baker is here? Gorgas? Do you suppose that at last somebody in Washington wants to know about things and conditions over here as they *really* are?

I hate that damned self-satisfied smugness we run up against among our compatriots. That's not the quality needed to beat the Germans.

Today's weather is good for the Germans. It makes me sick to watch the rain pouring down. See how little the armies did yesterday. How can they do anything in this downpour? But the communiqués speak of artillery duels in the Vosges, of Hindenburg being at Metz. Is our army waiting to strike?

Oh! What bad luck this weather is! The wind is howling and there is no sign of clearing. It means the slowing up of the Allies' progress. The Germans will have the respite in which to entrench themselves on that Hindenburg line.

Fortoiseau, September 14, 1918.

The news is good, our men are continuing to keep on as they commenced. As time passes, the

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tremendous importance of the stand of the Marines at Chateau-Thierry is appreciated. They saved Paris, they have turned the tide, may France never forget what she owes them.

They are all saying here that this is a limited offensive only to take St. Mihiel, but if it goes on, as it has begun, we shall see our men in Metz, giving the Germans a taste of their own mode of warfare. Our guns were within range of Metz yesterday, that I know, and I am just on edge thinking of tomorrow's news. Joe tells me that this time we are transporting and caring for our own wounded. This is very reassuring and means that our wounded will be well looked after. The frost of the last two nights has surely done for the fly pest.

D. G. spent last night here. He has been right on the edge of many battles and as I think of the other things he told us I see especially that night of the 14th of July, when he met an officer as he was on his way to bed: "It's for fighting in two hours," he said. Some of the men with David doubted, they have been warned before. But this time David didn't doubt. He believed, and did not turn in, but went back to his office. And in two hours a great roar rent the heavens, like the roar of Niagara Falls. General Gouraud came out of his office across the hall, with his staff. All was pitchy dark as the lights had been

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ordered out everywhere at the first alarm. By the light of their little electric torches, they went down the stairs together to the bomb proof cellar, the General talking in his strange deep voice. David said always he would remember the sound of that voice, with the roar of hell around them outside. They all went down into the dugout, fifteen feet below the ground, and the telephone began to ring and the General took up one of the receivers and so the General was running his end of the war on the telephone right before David's eyes.

Then there is another picture of a wild ride through a ravine, David bearing despatches, the "seventy-fives" on the edge above, firing across, trees falling down before the motor, the sense of being in a mighty wind, of being in a whirlpool of air, and the giant shells bursting, driving the earth up like a liquid thing. . . . At last he reached the other end, and at the other end were the trenches. David reached there just as the men were starting for the attack. They went out into the open. The Germans had the range "long" so the shells burst behind them. On they went, over the open ground, one man dropped, a man next to him stopped and picked him up, a limp thing. Then the Germans got the range, and the guns' blinding burst of flame and smoke seemed to smother the advancing troops, but on

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they went into what was the burning fires of hell, through them, and up the hill beyond for two kilometres. Those men had taken "their objectives" as the communiqués read. The price paid was ghastly.

When David got back that night to the chateau where the General was stationed, he said he was tired like an old, old man. The horror and the wonderful exhilarating thrill of admiration for those heroes he had seen going to their death, was in his soul forever. That's what these things do to us over here. We keep them alive in our hearts and we cannot believe that there is a world over there, across the ocean, where there is any human being, who can dance and have parties. I see red when I think of some of those people. And now their own, their nearest and dearest are in this Kaiser-made mess, and it is coming home to us in writing of blood.

Then David told of the German prisoners. It seems he saw a lot of eighty-five men who had evidently gone away without their officer, had packed all their belongings, stacked their guns and weapons, and their spokesman came out with his hands up. . . . Another lot of forty-five came over and surrendered saying their officer was at a conference, so that they had come over where they thought they were better off. Another lot gave themselves up because they said they

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could not fight Americans. Many of these men spoke English, several had been in America and some still had mothers and wives over there.

It seems the Germans have a lot of troops like this and really few of their first class troops left, but still there are some who will fight to the last man, and they have a great quantity of guns and munitions. David sees the end in the early spring, but with the possibility of a crack at any time in the army, and a rout with the immediate solution.

My young cousin, G. R. F., who is staying with us, has had thrilling experiences. He was in the ambulance corps with Mangin's army. He was *in* the things that D. was on the edge of. You have no conception of what these ambulance drivers go through and it takes all the courage of a boy's heart and soul to drive under that terrible shelling, through the noise and the dark, over and into the shell holes in the roads, keeping awake by bumping their heads against the back of their driver's seat.

He has given me a good deal of information of a very different kind than what I have had from officers. The angle is interesting.

Fortoiseau, September 17, 1918.

The Germans still seem to be pursuing their tactics towards getting peace their own way. I

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heard yesterday in Paris that the Germans mean to bomb the city every night now, with incendiary bombs, until the Allies shall accept the Austrian note. A Teutonic method not likely to succeed.

I also heard that the Allies had flown over Metz the other day, dropping papers to say that they were coming on a certain day to bomb the place, and advising the Germans to evacuate their women and children in time. *We* are not Germans, and we do not do our bombing their way. If they think that bombing is such a good way to get us to give in, why it is up to us to treat them to a dose of their own idea.

Wild rumors are afloat about the American front and I do wish the news of Paris were not so delayed. One story had it that the Americans were in Conflans yesterday, another that the Germans had evacuated St. Mihiel and the whole adjacent region before our troops reached there, but there wasn't much of a fight. "How about our prisoners?" said I. "Oh, there was only a small number." I heard a great deal of this kind of talk which made me rather hot. It is not fair. The story was started by a French aviator.

If only we published more of what our troops are doing and sooner, it would be better. I was told the delay in our communiqués was that the news had to go to Washington before it came out here.

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Now it would seem as if the present attack is over. I had great hopes of a *real* decision: Metz taken, the German towns treated as French towns have been treated and a big war victory soon. Of course, tomorrow's news may cheer me up. Today I am down.

Fortoiseau, September 19, 1918.

Last night Joe brought down a very interesting man, Colonel Z., who is in the transportation and ambulance service. A "live wire." If he had *all* the say, *no* wounded would be transported by mules. One round trip a day.

Colonel Z. wants to pool all the ambulances and use them just as they do the army, as a unit, to be sent to the French or the British or the Americans as the case of need demands. He was very interesting, with many stories to tell. One was about a nigger who was lost in "no man's land" at night, and was trying to get back. In the dark, suddenly, he felt a live man against him. He said "halloo" but the man answered in German. Each man knew that if either yelled, or used a gun, both sides would open fire on them. So they put down their tools of war and settled down to a regular tussle. At the end of an hour the German put up his hands and cried "Kamerad." "Say, mister," says the nigger, "I've been trying to think of that word foh an hour." Colonel Z. told us that when they take an American officer

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prisoner, they are apt to play the following game. They treat him with every consideration, saying that they are going to put him in with an English officer and hope he won't mind. The American finds his companion to be a most attractive and intelligent man, who makes friends with him and they both damn the Boche together.

Presently, after the American has told a certain amount of what he should have kept to himself, he is removed to a real jail and the "English officer" proves to be a clever German spy. He says the Germans are up to all sorts of tricks to get information out of the Americans, because neither the officers nor the men will talk. That gets the Germans wild. So they use all their ingenuity to think up ways to secure information. He told of one dramatic incident in the recent advance. Some American engineers were installing a telephone system in a house in a conquered village. While they were at work the Germans counter-attacked and took the town. The Americans suddenly realized they were surrounded. One of them crept out of his wires, etc., and got a connection somewhere near outside, and, practically under the nose of the German, signalled his C. O. The Americans came back in a counter-thrust, thanks to his information, took the village and liberated the engineer corps. Pretty smart.

We sat up talking late and I enjoyed hearing

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all he had to tell. The Germans are licked, and what our troops do, or do not just now, entirely depends on Marshal Foch. Evidently his plan is a grand one. We are to wait and see.

This morning's news of the renewed British attack shows he is a genius at keeping the German reserves on the move. Most of them had been moved down to Metz recently as they were expecting a continuation of the American advance.

Fortoiseau, September 22, 1918.

I have been getting different points of view about lots of things from my young cousin who is staying here. He has made me feel that I have been seeing the war from the top, that to me the army has been a great far-away mass. Through him I am seeing the other side—the side that has lots of hardships to put up with, that eats bread and hardtack and nothing else for a week at a time, that sleeps under the stars and the sun and the rain, the side that, in an advance, goes without anything. How can barracks, when there are such things, keep up with the war of movement? These troops are advancing over a country which is no longer a country, the Germans have turned it into a desert, leaving decayed death behind them, the stench of which is so sickening that the men's stomachs are really nauseated. The wells have been poisoned, no water, and they have

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to use "pinard" to shave in. No shelter for miles.

What shall become of our men this winter? How are they to be lodged at all, and kept from being so overcrowded in their barracks that they will die like flies from pneumonia?

Fortoiseau, September 25, 1918.

Two young men came down last night. One is in the Marine Corps, and has been for several weeks in Joe's hospital. Both are the sons of people we know.

After dinner we sat around the fire and talked . . . my heart grew sick and sad as I listened. The marine had been in the Belleau Wood fighting and then in the Soissons attack. The description of how the Marines went up into action without an ambulance or any medical aid, without the military support which they had expected from the French, was a description which made me feel more strongly than I did before, that the French can never be grateful enough to our Marines, that their courage and their fighting were worthy of the greatest soldiers in history.

Then one of them told us how he was wounded. His regiment went into the fight without any stretcher-bearers. They had only two stretchers to start with, and the stretcher-bearers thought they were too heavy and threw them away.

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When he was wounded, it was in the arm, so he could walk. His officer told him to go back, as he would probably meet a French ambulance, and that the French ambulance would give him a lift to a certain railroad station where he could find an American surgeon who would examine him and put him on the train for Paris.

He didn't meet a French ambulance but he presently met a French motor truck which was already so crowded with wounded that there was no room for him. The driver, seeing that the boy was suffering, and that his arm was hanging a bloody mass from his shoulder, told him to climb on the mud guard, to hold on with his good arm and that he would give him a lift to the railroad station. He rode that way for about fifteen kilometres. You can imagine what his suffering must have been. When he reached the railroad station the officer who examined him, marked him with the "urgent" ticket and put him on the train for Paris. The train reached Paris at seven o'clock that night. Our regular medical corps had not at that time sufficient men in the railroad station to unload the cars, so that particular train, composed only of day coaches, was left in the station until seven o'clock the next morning when it was unloaded. This boy and the others were then taken to our hospital. He was operated on two hours after he got there. Fortunately

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for him. The man in the room at the hospital with him, lay for twenty-four hours in the weather, hours in the sun all through the long day. Hours in the rain all through the following night. Twenty-four hours of exposure before he was moved. Why he didn't die, God only knows. The men of that whole division had its wounded taken care of like that. And if one dares to say anything, hoping that American efficiency will have sense enough to rectify mistakes, and procure stretcher-bearers, ambulances, hospitals, one is told that our organization is perfect and that military necessity sometimes involves the neglect of the wounded, their useless suffering, their needless deaths.

I could go on writing you pages about what our men go through but what would be the use. What I heard last night was the same kind of thing I heard in July from that blind mechanic, only this time it was from the son of a Pittsburgh millionaire, graduated from Groton, who had looked death in the face and lived through the kind of agony which the gospel calls "Bloody Sweat." In the Litany it says: "by thy Bloody Sweat."

Fortoiseau, September 28, 1918.

I suppose you realize that the dope I wrote you Tuesday has come true. The communiqués of yesterday and this morning tell the tale. Note General Gouraud is attacking.

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I wonder if you noticed in yesterday's communiqué the relative advances of the American and French armies? I heard a good deal yesterday which I cannot write.

The news of the last few days shows that the eastern question is being well settled on this front and explains where some of the British army is being used.

Our first army has covered itself with the same kind of glory as the Marines did. All I heard yesterday made my heart beat with pride.

The American soldier is the greatest, bravest fighter now in the war. They fight so hard, and advance with such rapidity, that none of the others can keep up with them. Sometimes they take their objectives ahead of time, when the others are half way. But they are accomplishing what they are because they are under the marvelous genius of Marshal Foch. I think he will go down to posterity as the greatest soldier of France, and that some of the laurels Napoleon has had to himself this last hundred years will crown the war saviour of France. Napoleon fought for himself, Foch fights for his country. The impersonal motive is the best.

Fortoiseau, September 29, 1918.

The map today speaks for itself. I am told the Allies handle Bulgaria *well*. That she asked Germany for help, which Germany was not able to spare, and that then the Allies got busy. They

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say they will buy off Turkey next, and that after that Austria will give in and Germany will be left alone. As she herself says: "With my back to the wall." Is it not strange that in so short a time Germany should use that phrase of Sir Douglas Haig's?

The battle on this front is raging fiercely, the Americans went fast at first but had to slow down yesterday as the German counter-attacks were terrific in strength of men, and abundance of gas shells. The next couple of days will be very important. In time, the line may become Lille-Metz. To-day the Germans are using their remaining best troops in a final great effort, tomorrow they will go on the defensive all along the line. But as their front will be much shorter, the Allied armies will have stiff fighting against them. More heavy fighting is ahead in the immediate future. But there is no eighteen months ahead. The Germans are not beaten yet, and we are not safe in belittling the remains of the greatest army of the century. This army fights hard. How long it can keep it up is another question.

Far more important than Metz would be the taking of Longwy and Briey. If we were able to get those two places that would mean the shutting up of Krupps inside of two months. From them comes the main supply for the munitions, etc. Thus the present advance is explained.

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A friend of ours, just over from America, shocked me. He talks as apparently one talks in America and sees what they see. Certainly you can't know very much. I mean about the war and of details connected with it. He said he was surprised at the optimism here that the war would be over by spring. He says they are still talking a long war in America.

By the way, do you know that in the French army there are two kinds of tanks: the male and the female. The former are made with the guns, the latter with the mitrailleuse. Quite a Parisian idea?

As things look now I hope to move into Paris about the 15th of November. Food is difficult in Paris. Eggs are eleven cents each; milk, when obtainable, eighteen sous a litre; beef is four francs 50/100 a pound for the cheapest cut; chickens are twenty-five francs; sole is fourteen francs a pound . . . and so on. So the food question is no better. Fortunately, with our whole lawn in potatoes, we shall have enough for the winter and we shall have carrots and onions. There is no fruit. We are still allowed only five hundred grammes of sugar per person a month.

Fortoiseau, October 3, 1918.

If I wrote you all I had heard about St. Mihiel my letter would never get to you. Evidently the truth is that that attack was one with limited ob-

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jectives. Until the pocket was straightened out, the present battles could not have been started, as there was a menace on the flanks which the Germans would have used to their advantage. There were very few casualties in that offensive and there were more Austrian than German guns used. Very little in the way of big guns or small ones either, as a matter of fact.

This last attack in the Argonne has been a much more difficult matter, and had our troops been able to keep it up and reach their objectives, several important cities would have been captured. Had the French taken Vouzières, we would have taken Briey, Longwy and Metz.

The Germans have evidently had time to bring up reenforcements in men and guns. Our men have had a terrible fight. We hold our gains, but for two days have not advanced. When you read in the communiqués "we are consolidating our positions" you can think "we have met with strong resistance and are temporarily stopped" but the battle is going well, and this morning I received a letter from D. G. written on September thirtieth (he is with General Mangin) in which he says:

"Things are going so well that I am indulging in the hope that the next fortnight will see the Boche débacle we have all been hoping for so long, but my judgment tells me that it is not

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probable this year, though just possible. His reserves are gone but I am afraid he will be able to prevent a break-through and the rolling up of his wings."

Undoubtedly a big retreat is being prepared, it may be to the Meuse or even to the Rhine. Lille has been evacuated of its civil population. That means they either expect to fight to a finish to hold it, or to get out themselves after they have completely destroyed the city.

Major Sinclair (chief expert in the British army on fractures) is coming down tonight, so I may have news worth passing.

Joe has just had another worry.

I suppose that you don't know that the worst bug that grows in wounds is a bug called "strep-tococcus." It seems to attack and kill our men with alarming rapidity, giving a form of pneumonia which they are unable to resist. It causes abscesses and produces sudden death in various ways. Sometimes it hides in the wound a long time without its being possible to discover it by laboratory examination. The only way to save a man from certain death is, if there is a sign of this bug in his wounded arm or leg, amputate the arm or leg as soon as possible, so as to prevent the bug from traveling further through the blood.

I suppose Joe has done less amputation during his four years of war surgery than any other sur-

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geon. He is terribly conservative about it and these last two or three months he has had a great number of men brought into the hospital with this infection. He has saved the lives of many by amputation, when it was proved the bug was there. I might tell you that neither the French nor the British are as susceptible to "streptococcus" as our men here. We have had more deaths from it than from any other cause. It has been a scourge for our wounded.

Yesterday Joe got a letter from the head consultant surgeon, Colonel F., stating it had been reported to him that there were an extraordinary number of amputations in Joe's hospital and that he wished a full report from him about it. So hours had to be wasted in looking up records, etc. Joe didn't know that it could be finished last night.

I suppose some "truck" with Philippine experience went to this hospital as a visitor and then wrote him up in the report. Admit this is galling.

Joe says they are quite capable of ordering him home to a Washington or New York job. Then they would be able to run the care of their wounded and their surgery on their own one-line track. He says sometimes he just can't bear this constant teasing. Of course, if they "kick" him upstairs across the ocean, it would be a dreadful thing for us. They did that to Dr. P. All the New York surgeons may get the same deal. It is

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discouraging, when one works like a slave, getting really remarkable results, appreciated by the best French and British surgeons and then one has some American idiot take any old chance to "knock" or interfere. Joe takes his cases to heart, thinks them out, worries over them. I tell you, there are nights when he can't sleep, thinking of those men and what's the very best thing he can do for them.

Fortoiseau, October 4, 1918.

I wish you had been here last night to sit before the fire with us, listening to Major Sinclair talk.

I wish that some of the staffs and nurses and orderlies from certain United States army hospitals could have listened to the way he spoke. To him, a comparatively small hospital of six hundred and fifty beds is as good an opportunity to do good work, helpful work, even brilliant work as the surgeon-in-chief makes it. He takes care of his patients with number so small of personnel, that I said to him:

"Are you not shocked when you visit American hospitals and see how many more nurses and orderlies we need than you?" . . . "I am a little shocked by the Canadian hospitals having such a large staff," he tactfully answered.

As he talked, I felt he knew every case, every operation, every good point of each doctor and nurse under him; that he was able to give indi-

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vidual care to each patient in a way no man can in a big service. It seemed to prove that I am right in maintaining, as I always have, that these vast hospitals with thousands of beds do not stand for the efficiency of smaller ones, but the tools Sinclair works with, both male and female, have been tempered in the furnace of this war for four years. I don't believe the goddess "self" has crossed his threshold. She knows full well that she will find no worshippers nor friends in his hospital staff.

But he didn't talk only of surgery.

In the beginning of the war he was in the first retreat down from Charleroi. On the morning of September 1, 1914, the regiment he was with had come to a halt on this side of Villers-Cotterets. The soldiers were coming in hordes. There were men, officers, horses, ambulances, gun-carriages all in the hopeless confusion of weariness and exhaustion. Sinclair's feet were swollen and sore from the forced marches. His horses had been shot under him. The General in command was worrying about some wounded left behind in the forests of Villers-Cotterets. There were officers and men.

Sinclair asked for an order to go back for them.

"But it will mean certain capture," said the General.

"Oh, they will surely not harm me, I am protected by the Geneva Convention and if you will

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let me have the ambulance, and two orderlies, we can perhaps reach those men in the wood, and save them."

The General gave the permission and Sinclair started for the town of Villers-Cotterets.

There was only a quarter of a mile between the Germans and the British, so he reached the place in a few minutes. He stopped at a restaurant on the edge of the town. The streets were swarming with Germans, rollicking, singing, shouting, drinking and all smoking large cigars.

In the restaurant Sinclair saw a German officer, so he asked him the way to headquarters. The officer, who was at a table with other officers, with several empty and several full bottles of champagne before them, smoking huge cigars, glared at Sinclair and did not answer him.

A private at another table accosted him in English. Sinclair told him he wanted to go to headquarters in order to get a permit to go into the woods and find some British wounded who had been left behind.

"Well," said the German, "sit down and eat first."

He was eating a tin of lobster which he said he had stolen.

"What God damned fools you English are to have gone into this war," he said with a London accent. "The French have let you in bad. They

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are not going to fight. They are running like rabbits. Have you seen a Frenchman in your retreat?"

No, Sinclair had to admit that they didn't have French troops with them. The British had made their retreat alone.

"Well," said the German, "it's all over, we shall be in Paris in three days. Aren't we going to have a 'time' there. All the wine, all the loot, all the women and a grand ball in the Tuileries Gardens. The French have no men. They are done. We have millions . . ." and he went on and told Sinclair how he used to be a stockbroker clerk in London before the war.

Sinclair finished his meal and told his orderlies who were at the next table to pay for everything they had eaten and that he would go to headquarters and return when he got the permit.

He went straight down the street, passing innumerable Germans, all drinking, all smoking, all shouting and singing.

At headquarters he was told to wait at the door.

Presently a most perfect specimen of male beauty, about seven feet tall, with a silver helmet with a gold eagle on his head, and swathed in a pale blue military coat, falling from his shoulders (a modern Lohengrin) came out and looked at Sinclair as if he were a worm. After listening to

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his request, he went back into the house without saying a word. Then another officer came out and ushered Sinclair into a room where there were at least a dozen more officers, seated at a table, all drinking champagne and smoking the usual large cigars. They looked at Sinclair as if he were nothing at all. One of them asked him very haughtily what he wanted. He said he wanted a pass to go into the forest to get his wounded. After another wait, while the officers continued their jokes and their drink, as if he simply did not exist, a paper was brought to him by the only German officer who had condescended to address him. It was all in German, but with some begrudging aid he was able to read that it was what he wanted, an authorization to go into the forest and fetch his wounded, signed by the aid-de-camp of Von Kluck.

Back he trudged through the crowded streets, nobody minding him, they were too drunk. He reached the restaurant without mishap. There he found that the Germans, having drunk up all the poor Frenchman's wine, had settled with him for a total of about fifty-five francs. The only honest pay had been from the British orderlies, for their and his meal. Worse still, the Germans had looted his kit, which was in the ambulance, and had taken every single thing he owned, every shirt, every toilet article, his soap, shaving things,

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everything. He had a small penknife and five francs left in his pocket. Such are German officers. There was no use in saying anything.

So he started with his men. It was night when they reached the forest. They were going along the road slowly when they heard the march of approaching troops in the dark. Suddenly, they were beside them on the road. In an instant, a click, a thousand clicks, all the rifles were levelled at the ambulance, and an officer accosted them. Sinclair showed his permit, the officer read it by his electric torch, then he threw it back at him, Sinclair catching it in the air. The guns were lowered, the order to march was given, the ambulance started on again. A second time they were held up in the same way. Sinclair said these moments were full of horror, in the dark, helpless, knowing that if only one shot was fired, a volley would reduce them and their ambulance to pulp . . . and the new moon was shining through the great trees. It was a night full of beauty, and the tall trees seemed like trees in a fairy story, only behind these in their shadows lay death, suffering, men writhing in agony.

Suddenly they came upon their wounded, lying in a row by the side of the road. The Germans had bandaged up their wounds, and left some water bottles near. This was as they did early in the war, those days in which there was still

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some vestige of humane treatment, long since left behind. Now, the bayonet does this work with less trouble and a quicker death.

The orderlies and Sinclair toiled one long weary hour, loading eleven of the worst cases into the ambulance. Then they started back. He was hopeless as to how the men would be cared for, if he went back to those drunken revelers in the town.

Presently he saw a nun walking. He stopped the ambulance and asked her if she could tell him where to take his load of suffering men, with broken legs, broken arms, torn chests, one man with a broken jaw.

"Come with me to our convent near here, a French hospital is there, we shall make room for you," she said.

When they reached the convent they found it already full of French wounded, but the nun got some sisters to help. The convent had been a girls' school, so there were beds and bedding and towels. The French surgeon in charge and Sinclair got to work on the wounds of the men. They were just finishing a difficult operation on a fractured leg, when a German officer appeared in the doorway. Addressing Sinclair, he said to him that he was to come at once, that there were some ambulances in the yard about which he wanted information. Sinclair said he knew only about his own.

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"But you are the only officer here, so you must be responsible for these other ambulances."

"They are not mine," answered Sinclair.

"But you are the only officer and I shall hold you responsible for any arms in them."

"Well," said Sinclair, "what I must be responsible for, I suppose I must, but I never saw these ambulances and I know nothing about their contents excepting that as they are either ours or the French's, I am sure that they have no arms concealed," and he started to continue putting on the splint.

And in spite of Sinclair's explanation that the patient was in pain and in danger, he had to drop his things and follow the German. When he got into the yard he saw Germans looking all over his own car, all the underneath part, to see as they said, if machine guns were not hidden there in a false bottom. It seems that this is the way the Germans were transporting their machine guns at that time, and were thus able to get them into positions which the Allies could not imagine they had been able to reach. Their ambulances would go along the road deceiving the Allies by their red crosses and would drop these guns without stopping, so no one knew they had done so. The waiting infantry would pick them up at night, and then open up on the French or English, as the case might be.

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Of course, there were no arms of any kind in Sinclair's car. In one of the others were about a dozen rifles which had evidently been thrown in by weary soldiers in their retreat. The Germans pounced on them, broke them into little pieces which they threw over the wall or into the road. To Sinclair this seemed shocking, a wanton destruction of good material which the Germans might easily have used.

"Explain these arms," said the German officer, "as I hold you responsible for them."

"Well," said Sinclair, "you have the advantage over me, for you have seen these ambulances once more than I have. You saw them first before you came up to me. I didn't know that there were any ambulances here, excepting my own, and I therefore could not know what their contents were. Anyhow, anyone can see that these few guns could do but little harm, and were evidently thrown in the cars by retreating soldiers to lighten their packs."

"But *you* are responsible," reiterated the German with weary stubbornness. "I shall report this. You may be shot in the morning." Off he went, leaving Sinclair in a far from pleasant frame of mind. He went back into the convent to the nuns. They made him some coffee and an omelet and fixed up a bed on the floor. Sinclair said he slept the instant he lay down. Suddenly he was

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awakened by guttural German oaths, and prod-
ded by a bayonet he opened his very sleepy eyes,
to meet the steely glare of a pair of German eyes.

"Get up, you and your patients are to be out
of here in five minutes."

"But we can't, it is an impossibility, they are
too ill, few of them can be moved. I can't leave
them."

"Yes, *you* must, even if they can't. In five
minutes you be in the yard ready to march.
You are a prisoner."

The chapel clock struck four. Sinclair had had
about one hour's sleep.

In a very few minutes he was in the yard and
was marching to the headquarters in the town.
On the road he passed Germans. They all spat
upon him. "Dirty English," they said in their
own language and in English. There were sev-
eral other prisoners marching with them. In
front of the headquarters building they were kept
standing in the cold dawn for two hours. All the
time troops passing. They were trying to pass
near enough to either spit or give a hit with their
bayonets. The officers generally spat.

At the end of weary hours during which they
stood huddled together, they were started on
their march.

All along the road the passing troops jibed and
insulted, hit and spat.

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At noon they reached their destination, Vivrières.

There their guard left them. There was no chance of escape.

Sinclair was standing in the square of the village. In the center were heaped all sorts of things from the church which stood at one side of the square. There were carved benches, images, crucifixes, candlesticks, vestments, *everything*, which had evidently been taken from the inside of the poor little church opposite. It was Sinclair's first sight of the German respect for sacred property.

He crossed the square and opened the door of the church.

Before him was a terrible sight. The whole floor was covered with wounded and dead, British and French, lying close against each other on the stone floor. The living were all wounded, faces with jaws blown off, eyes gouged out, broken arms and legs, chests with great gaping wounds.

The dead were lying against the living. Some had been dead for days and were stiff and stark, others were still warm. Blood was all over the floor, filth and stench so sickening of death and life that one could hardly swallow the air. In the middle of the floor was one tin pail of water, and here and there a poor wretch, able to crawl, was trying to get to it. Cries and groans and flies, flies crawling from the decay of the dead into

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the open wounds of the living, flies over everything. Blood over everything, stinking in its staleness. The devil's charnel house. And in all this agony were about three hundred and fifty living men, writhing there with no one to do anything for them, no food, nothing, nothing, but that one tin pail of water.

The horror of war seemed to turn Sinclair's heart into stone.

All his life he will see that sight, all his life he will hear those cries, and through all his life he will never forgive the Germans. But there was no time to be lost if life was to be saved. He went out into the streets to find a German officer. The village was full of Germans. They were drunk and throwing furniture out of the windows of the houses. They roared with laughter as a grand piano smashed to pieces in the street, hurled from a first floor window. Big clocks, little clocks, lamps, china, were falling everywhere. It was a riot of destruction. The deserted houses stood desecrated by barbarians. Sinclair had to dodge the falling things as he walked along. An officer was finally met, sober enough to direct him to headquarters. From there he was sent to the chateau at the edge of the town, where the German lazaret had been installed. The head doctor, a venerable old man, who looked kindly, received him, but his heart was German.

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He refused the needed help. After much talking, Sinclair persuaded him to let him have a certain house to turn into a hospital, the use of some Germans to clear the house for occupancy and some other Germans to help him bury the dead in the little church and to transport the wounded. Grudgingly, the German doctor consented to this, but he would give no medical supplies of any kind. He said he could spare nothing for the French and English wounded.

So Sinclair started out with his Germans, first to bury the dead and clean up the church, then to get his house in order. As they remembered their dead, he remembered the sight he had passed that night in the wood when he was looking for his wounded. Suddenly the ambulance had come to the edge of a great pit. On the further side from them was the German burial squad. There was a row of carts heaped with dead. Those were dumped on the ground and stripped. Then, one man would take the hands, another man the feet of each corpse and with a "einz, zwei, drei, hop," they would toss the body into the pit, and among the dead there were as many French and English as there were Germans. All dead men were the same to them. . . .

At last the church was cleared. A few wounded who could walk helped, as well as the other prisoners who had been marched to the village with

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Sinclair. He was the only officer, so assumed command.

They went to the house assigned to them. The German way of clearing up for a hospital was to throw everything not needed into the street, breaking and then making a bonfire of the big things.

Then Sinclair transported the wounded and sent his men to find anything they could for bandages. "Go loot for our men, take all the curtains, ribbons, towels and cooking things you can find," he said to them. These were English (the Germans had left them) and were new at such a game. Urgent need compelled them, and before very long Sinclair had a stack of white curtains, chintz curtains, all sorts of strings and ribbons in a big cauldron, boiling. Then he said to his men:

"Go and loot for food. Our men are starving."

And while they were gone he waited until the curtains, etc., had been boiled sterile, then he fixed up a kitchen table in the yard and with two big oil lamps got ready to operate. *And he did.* Some of the men could help.

Presently the food hunters returned. They had chickens, rabbits, carrots, potatoes, and one man had a live sheep. Sinclair had found a big marmite, and started that boiling the soup. The sheep stopped him. He said he drew the line at killing a sheep. He didn't know how. Did any

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of the men know how? Yes, one man, who said he was the cousin of a butcher and had seen sheep killed, volunteered. So the sheep was killed and Sinclair started cooking. He threw everything into the marmite, all the animals, all the vegetables, some salt and flour rifled from a grocery shop and it was a grand cuisine.

The men enjoyed the soup, only that sheep meat was so tough you just couldn't get your teeth through it. Yet the men were so starving, some of them lay there sucking it. One man kept crying all the time for food and drink. He had no jaw left.

Sinclair couldn't bear it. He went back to the German hospital again to ask the German doctor for a feeding tube. He refused to lend one. Sinclair was desperate. He knew the man would die in agony before his eyes if he couldn't give him something. One of the men had stolen a cow and they had milked her. All he wanted was a tube, so he took a piece of gas tubing he found in the street, boiled it clean and fed the man the milk.

Day after day he worked there, a terrible life of hunting for food and living on one's wits.

The 12th of September Sinclair said to one of the men:

"The guns sound nearer," and that night they heard troops marching down the street. They

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closed the shutters of the house and kept very quiet, hoping that in their hurried departure the Germans would forget to take them along.

The 13th Sinclair heard the mitrailleuse. Always the German troops were marching through the village with their great guns and their wagons.

On the morning of the 14th of September Sinclair got up at dawn. He unbarricaded the door and went out. The village was empty. Not a soul was left. But the German hospital in the chateau was left. The Germans always consider military necessity before either their wounded or their hospital corps.

Sinclair walked down the street and out of the village to a high place beyond where he could see far over the plateau and the ravines and the great white road leading to the Aisne.

The sun was rising. Suddenly, over the brow of the hill he saw a figure coming. He recognized the helmet of a French cuirassier on a horse. Then came others. The Uhlans were retreating on the Aisne road, they had reached a clump of trees. Their mitrailleuse started on the French. Then in the rays of the morning sun the "seventy-fives" came over the hill. The Uhlans broke and ran.

Sinclair walked toward the French officer. He, fearing treachery, pulled out his revolver, but Sinclair explained that he was an English officer

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in charge of a make-shift hospital, that there were no Germans in the village, excepting the Germans in the chateau who were wounded.

The officer and Sinclair and the troops marched into the village. First they went to the German lazaret. All the patients started to yell and howl, thinking that they were going to be cut to pieces. But the French arranged for their evacuation and the old doctor and his staff were escorted to the Aisne by two soldiers and left to follow after their regiment. As the German doctor left he turned to Sinclair:

"Yesterday I was the commanding officer here. Now it is you who are in command." He saluted and passed on.

"Well," I interrupted, "what did the French do to you when they saw all that you had done for their wounded?"

"Oh," answered Sinclair, "they tried to kiss us all and made a great fuss and then they arranged for me to go down to Paris where I went to the Grand Hotel and I was put up for nothing."

A few weeks afterward he got leave, and went to England, to find his wife frantic, as he had been reported missing by the War Office. One evening about October 20th, he was dining with his wife in London when a telegram was brought in to her. It was from the War Office saying he had been found.

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And then, just as if he had told us an everyday story, Sinclair went back to fractures, and told Joe how criminal it would be to transport fracture cases, with very few exceptions, over to America, before they were united. He said that he would not even risk sending his cases to England from Boulogne, that when they put them on a transport to America, those in charge might just as well bury them at once, for if they lived, which was doubtful, they would only have deformed limbs for the rest of their lives, to limp through the years with.

P. S.—I must add this bit. We had spoken of reprisals by our troops when they crossed the Rhine, and the fighting was on German soil, in German towns. I said I was dead against the idea of our men burning and murdering, as the Germans had in Belgium and France, that I believed in making Germany pay for her wanton destruction in taxes and money, but not by a return orgy of the same kind as their own.

Sinclair looked at me for a minute or two in silence, then:

“If you had been with the British troops on the outskirts of a village, at the end of the main street, and been the officer in command and seen the German officers at the other end of the street prodding women with their bayonets to stand in

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front of them as barricades, the women running wildly to and fro, some clasping babies and children to their breasts, the German soldiers shooting women down, not taking the trouble to kill the children, and then dragging the dead bodies with their load, by their hair, and making them into barricades, lying down behind them, to shoot at our men from comparative safety, our men refusing to charge; but when they did and got those Germans I don't know how they killed them, it was a dog's death; now, if you had seen this would you still believe that our men are not to revenge those horrors? Not by the murder of German women, but by destruction of their villages and towns. Do you think our soldiers who remember such things as I am telling you, will be controlled by their officers, when they have their feet on German soil? Could you believe still in tax money to settle our score?" And I found no answer in my heart.

Fortoiseau, October 6, 1918.

This morning the telephone central called me up very early to tell me of the central powers' offer of peace. She was very much excited, hoping that surely President Wilson would not accept the German terms, saying that the Germans must be made to pay for all they had done to France, surely he wouldn't accept their offers, surely it is only because we are beating them now

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in this very moment that they are afraid, and their Kaiser speaks like that.

I imagine that is just about the truth and the way all the French feel this morning.

To me, it seems that Germany must be on the edge of a terrible political débacle, and she fears for everything, especially that Turkey and Austria will ask for any terms they can get.

The Kaiser was smart in addressing Wilson, instead of Foch, for it is flattery and an astute bit of politics, full of dangerous possibilities. In yesterday's papers it was said that Clemenceau had spent all the previous day at the Grand Quartier General with the Marshal. I am sure they were discussing just this move of Germany's and how to meet it. The military answer is the only one to give, for the sake of all the dead and for the future of all the living.

Fortoiseau, October 11, 1918.

Believe me, we are living the tea-party in "Alice in Wonderland" every day of our lives. All the characters are here: the mad hatter, the dormouse, the duchess and the whole pack of cards. The knave of hearts is still playing the same old tricks and the duchess is still saying "off with their heads."

Your account of New York is shocking. But the people of whom you write are not all of Amer-

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ica nor even all of New York. There is good in our race. I like them better than any other and I would rather be an American than anything else. Monday I went into Paris. The Wilson answer came out in the newspaper. Everyone was buying it, you have no idea of the excitement.

I saw a mutual friend of ours who is over here on official business. He spoke as if he thought the war was over—said he was seriously thinking of sending for his wife. Then he said he wondered if it would be safe for Americans over here after the war was over, whether the French might not keep us all as hostages. And the reasons he gave I am not going to write.

The Wilson answer has caused a variety of comment here. The papers have been given the "tip" to say it's grand and perfect, but there is quite some criticism. The French seem to feel that Foch should have been directly addressed, as the General against the Bulgars was, and they remark that Wilson doesn't say we are Allies. Are we? Or are we in a position to deal separately with Germany? Had Wilson agreed upon his answer with Clemenceau and Lloyd George? And much more in the same key.

Personally, I think there is one good point in the answer, and that is, that an answer was made. If none had been sent, or merely a brief refusal, all Germany would have been aroused and united,

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and the British labor party and the French socialists would have had "an axe to grind" together against us. Of course, the French howl over the idea that Germany should be permitted to get out of France and Belgium with all her supplies, guns and munitions. They say that is what she is trying now to do, of course that is what she wants.

General opinion is that Germany is beaten, really beaten, but that she may try to save herself as best she can, by any means, that guns and armies are the best answer to that German note, which is really the cry of despair. And the news day by day is strangely good, one can hardly believe that we are winning the war at last, that the end is in sight, that this terrible, unconquerable thing, the German army, is moving back.

And then a horrible fear comes into my heart, I read the things which the socialists say in their meetings and I wonder what will happen here after the war, and whether there is any chance of our having a "Russian" time of it. I really get frightened, and yet my better reason tells me that it is foolish, that the government is strong, that the army is down on the socialists, who have used their voting power to compel their deputies to keep them out of the trenches and in the factories, that our own army is here.

I suppose I have been next door to so many

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horrors for so long that my nerves are jumping. I have a nuisance of an imagination, I always see things: visions of my babies being murdered before my eyes by a crazy mob, visions of riot and bloodshed . . . and then I remember how after other wars I have read that there has not been a revolution, but a wild and uncontrollable craving for the joys of life, for peace, for wine, woman and song. One only has to read history and yet I get frightened. What do they say in America? I shall ask the General on Sunday when he comes to lunch and I know he will say to me: "Those dirty people! Commit horrors upon us, never in the world." He hates socialists and all their concerns.

Fortoiseau, October 13, 1918.

Last evening I was sitting by the drawing-room fire, reading: "France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of the war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world. I have the honor to be, etc. (signed) Bonaparte." These words were written to the British government in 1799. Would it not seem as if yesterday is today?

The telephone rang and I was told by someone that Germany had accepted the Wilson note, be-

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cause Turkey and Austria had given Germany an ultimatum, that unless she did, and within twenty-four hours, they would each make their own peace with the Allies.

The news in a way depresses me. What does it mean? The consequences? Oh, the difference in the civilian and military point of view! Wilson is not a soldier, he is *very* far away, and his ideas and Foch's ideas must be radically apart.

I should like to see a tableau, ending like a David picture, Foch and the general staffs of all the Allies and of the "associates" on the battlefield of Sedan, meeting Ludendorff, the Kaiser, the "Krone" and Hindenburg, having the swords of the vanquished handed over to the Marshal of France who won his victory from them. With Alexander, Foch can say: "I will not steal the victory."

And this modern incarnation of all that is best in France should have the final word. I think he will, no matter what those who not so long ago said "we are too proud to fight," attempt to coerce him into doing.

Fortoiseau, October 15, 1918.

I saw quite a few people last Sunday, and again in town on Monday. Some friends of the President's who felt the war was over, thought it was up to the Allies to decide among themselves, as to their terms, etc., that Wilson had started Ger-

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many "talking" (which I never thought anybody would find a difficult thing to do), that she is really beaten, that therefore, the President's idea is that there should be a just "peace" which would be as fair to the conquered as to the conquerors, etc.

Monday I ran into both the French and American opinions. There was much talk as to whether Wilson had consulted with Clemenceau and Lloyd George or not, before he answered. There were people who said that Clemenceau was furious about it. There seemed to be an atmosphere of fear of the next move, to put it mildly.

The note published this morning made me feel that the cables had been used, and that the carefully guarded news of the French papers reveal how much the first note had been criticised "in camera." The fear which is in my heart is that a peace *now*, with victory within our reach, would be a terrible thing, meaning another and fiercer war within twenty years.

Germany in *all* her parts must be beaten. Then the world can breathe freely again, free from all those silent underground preparations of the last forty years when all Europe was fooled and the few knaves in France who knew were in Germany's pay and kept their silence. What she has done once, she will do again. The dog returns to his vomit. So Germany to hers. A female cur she

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is, an unclean dangerous thing, crawling on her belly like a viper in the gutters of the world.

Peace with *that*! My God, let her wash the blood from her foul body first. Human beings can't touch that defilement and clasp that hand until the price paid has made it less vile and filthy.

Our friend the White King, being a pacifist, an optimist, and a fuss-cat, would advocate peace, peace at once, at any price, so no more of his idiotic mistakes would be found out. His sins are the sins of a fool rather than a knave but they have cost us all terrible things.

I wish he would go back through the looking-glass and stay on the other side. Teddy Roosevelt must be grand about him. I know he also keeps "Alice in Wonderland" handy on his bookshelf alongside "Alice through the Looking-Glass." You really ought to read those two classics over. They are so pat on so many people just now. Sometimes a smile saves a tear.

I think the fighting in the Argonne is fierce. Our men are having the best remaining German divisions thrown against them. The Germans must hold there, for if that flank gives way, débacle is upon them. All depends upon the situation there. Everywhere else, the Allies, or shall I say "associates" (to be with the high ones in the world, "Specialité de la maison," and not a

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brown house either), the Allies, I repeat, as I am a New Yorker, are doing splendidly, and the Germans are going back faster and faster. The day their line breaks in the Argonne, the military victory is ours.

Fortoiseau, October 19, 1918.

Day by day we are pushing the Germans back, day by day we are nearer to the hour when they will unconditionally surrender. They are still fighting hard, especially against our army, for all depends on that, and furthermore one must give credit to Ludendorff for the orderly manner of his retreat, saving his army so far from débacle.

I think the Germans will lay down their arms by December 15th. That seems to me just about their limit, and we shall go to Berlin, not fighting our way there, but as an army of occupation to see that the Allies' terms are enforced. It seems almost impossible to appreciate that it is nearly over—that this horror of suffering and death is nearly ended, and that you and many other wives will soon have your husbands with you again. In eight months from now they will probably be sending the troops home.

Do you realize that the British victories of the past week have been tremendous factors in the situation? That the much maligned Fifth Army has been doing great work? That *it* was the army to present Lille back to France?

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It seems as if the Allies are sweeping on with more and more success . . . the change from three short months ago is such a big one that I can't get used to it . . . for now I never hear the guns any more, I no longer listen to the locomotives whistling through the nights, driving their burden of soldier-laden trains to the front. We are far away from the fighting line now and the silence of peace is over the country. And the days when we shall be together again are not distantly vague in 1920.

We have lived through a terrible summer, and all of us will forever carry the marks of it through our lives. I can't push it out of my mind. My heart is still heavy, and sometimes so sad, that you and I and our affairs are nothing in the great fearful cauldron of humanity's anguish.

What do we matter?

Self has always been my great enemy, that persistent, insistent desire to make all those I have loved go *my* way, do *my* bidding, grant *my* heart's desire. I know my own self, and I have tried to put it away since the war. So help me God, I'll cremate its corpse if I can ever murder it.

Fortoiseau, October 22, 1918.

I do not think you need worry about after the war. All these men have learned what loneliness is. They will be hungry for their wives and their

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firesides, for all the tenderness of love and their home life. Yes, even those who may have strayed will be the best they know how to be to their wives. As to "life," well, the history of every war shows that the returning warrior wants the smiles and the laughter, the forgetting of the hell left behind and, above all, peace. A year at the front ages a man, inasmuch as it increases capacities and develops sensibilities in a measure I do not think the people at home appreciate. As it is not going to be a long war, I think the labor question will be solved, and this war has saved us from a class war, which might have torn the hearts out of all the civilized peoples of the earth. Our army, and every army, stands for law, order, discipline. Our returning soldiers will not stand for any nonsense from the "stay-at-homes" who might want to make trouble. I hear how the French talk, the English say: "We are settling the Boche and we will settle the labor leaders afterwards if they try any monkey-business." And our own will feel the same way.

I sat next to General P. yesterday, who had returned from our front yesterday morning. He said he had never seen a finer army than ours. That our men and our officers were splendid: big, strong, good morale, excellent discipline. He rather *underlined* that, saying it was remarkable to see such discipline in such a new army. He

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said they fought like heroes. They have been up against it. The fighting was all in the Argonne forest. Roads, so few, and under the German fire. Death at every moment all around and the Germans fighting like heroes too, not giving themselves up, even when the Americans came upon them—being bayoneted, rather than surrender. He said the Germans had not fought this way since the early part of the war—that they were fighting the same way against the English—that every advance was costly—that the great Belgian victory was a newspaper one, as the Germans had retreated there, because they wanted to shorten their line. He said the biggest battle of the war will be on the Meuse, and that if *we* win there, and by *we* I mean all of us, the war is over. But this general said that although the war is won, it is not over, and will not be over before next June. He says the Germans can still put up a great fight and that the newspapers are unreliable and untrue in the pictures they give of the present fighting.

Then he went on about the Americans, and said that what made me feel that we were paying a heavier price than we need, was because of the tremendous difference in the way the military part of the war was run, with the medical and other S.O.S. services. He said the military was extraordinarily good in every detail, equipment, food, etc., *but*

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that the care and transportation of the wounded was shocking. Figures and facts came fast and made me blush with shame and mortification and *rage*. Mind you this man is an Englishman, an outsider, and he saw. And then I think about all I read about the wonderful care of our wounded and I am told by our army men that everything is "all right."

There is no use my writing you all he told me. Some day the men will tell and then heaven help those responsible!

Later in the afternoon I saw a French friend of mine who seemed to think the first message of the President's was bad but that his answer to Austria is the worst political break any of the Allies have yet made. She says the French and the English are worried over what the next move from Washington will be and that the prevailing idea of her circle is, that neither France nor England is being consulted. The attitude over here is not what some people would have you believe. Washington is very far away, and I wonder if those who see the President are not being cautious and saying the easy pleasant thing rather than the truthful one.

Both France and England were fighting with their heart's blood and the flower of their youth and strength, in the days when we were still too proud to fight, and they feel the first word to be

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said to Germany in answer to any note should come from them. Justice, they say, yes, but strangle the beast, making it impossible for our children's children to be shot to death right here, by guns fired in Berlin with a range of hundreds of miles, or poisoned by germs, dropped from airplanes. The next German war, if she is not made to pay and unconditionally surrender, will be a thousand times more horrible than this, and we will have to fly over to America to get away from the battlefield. There won't be any front, for the Germans will do everything from their own door-step. You have no idea how the French are talking . . . that's what I hear, as an outsider, so you can imagine what is said to their own compatriots.

Colonel House is due here in a few days so we may all hear a big piece of news before long. Whenever he comes we all know he bears the unwritten word from President Wilson.

Germany's answer is an exceedingly clever document, and a very dangerous one. I shall watch out for breakers ahead, but you won't hear anything about them unless they break. The close shaves we get sometimes are rather shivery.

Fortoiseau, October 25, 1918.

There is no use my writing you about the St. Mihiel fight. I might not sound like the newspapers.

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As for your references to our divisions north, that kind of talk is not very reliable and generally comes from the type of American officer and private who is too selfish to face the conditions of war and who "kicks" about the difference in food, whether he is with the British or the French, and is not much good. We talked about this last night, and all three, M., D. G. and Joe said practically what I have written. In fact, D. illustrated his remarks with facts he had witnessed with Americans, with the French, which I haven't time to write you.

Second-rate Americans, gentlemen, floor-walkers, or workmen, are alike. Their provincialisms make them hard to handle. The main bone of contention is, that the British have tea for breakfast, and the French, no breakfast at all. I have heard them. Food, that's the rub, and yet our services have been the worst on record. Nothing in the history of the care of the French wounded at the time of the battle of the Marne in 1914 equals what I might write you. It's the same about the other services, food and mails included.

I try to put you wise. I wonder if you are on to some of the things I write you? Incidentally, I don't think that Surgical Congress at home such a big thing, over here is the all absorbing work, and some of the men at the front in the medical corps are doing the work of ten. They die from exhaustion at their posts.

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But your vigil for W. is no longer so endless. Here, and sooner than you appreciate, is my answer to the last sentence in your letter of the third.

I am too tired to write any more and yet I am full of so many things touching the war, and the President's last note, published this morning. The editorial I am enclosing may throw a little French light on it. The *Herald* did not quote Hervé in its consensus of French praise on the note. Our papers never give you anything but the praise we get. Our editors must think we are a nation of idiots, needing to be eternally patted on the back.

Fortoiseau, October 26, 1918.

Today there is a chance that we may not move into Paris as soon as I expected. The accounts I got last night of the so-called "grippe" made me hesitate on account of the children. The deaths are many and one day I was in town, I stopped counting the hearses I met, after the fifteenth. It seems it comes from the front and is a terrible thing which kills in six hours. The corpses turn black immediately after death. This sounds more like the plague of the middle ages than the "grippe" of our century. Lots of people say it is cholera. Anyhow, unless the death rate is less high I shall put off moving.

D. G. came last night. He had gone into

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Laon, and all those places, with General Mangin. He said people were overwhelming in their ovation to Mangin and Clemenceau. He had been at lunch with Clemenceau the day he went to Laon, and he was impressed by the vigor, the enthusiasm, the vitality of this great old man. Continually they had guests of distinction at Mangin's table.

At mess of a certain *état-major*, for days the great topic was what would Wilson's answer be. One afternoon an American officer went in to see the General on business. The General was writing, and without stopping, he handed the American a paper. "The Wilson answer," he said, and looked at the officer in silence. That evening at dinner everything was talked of, every current subject discussed, but for the first time this week the note was not mentioned. The next morning at breakfast and that evening at dinner, not a word. The American could not stand it, so he said: "What do you think of the President's note?" . . . "What do you?" And then the words came thick and fast. Apparently, they all felt that Washington is very far away, and among other things, had been noticed, that Wilson said in the note that we were "associated" with the Allies. He did not say that we were Allies. They were wondering about this.

It is now up to Pershing. If he is a first-class

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General he will carry through the present push in the Argonne. We all have seen what Mangin, Gouraud and Haig can do with three hundred thousand men, now we shall see what our American General will do with seven hundred and fifty thousand men. All depends on the present push.

While D. and I talked Joe was walking the floor talking about the care of the wounded. He said we are horribly short of nurses, that we have not the transports for them as so many Y. M. C. A. and R. C. workers are crowding the steamers, that he would like to send every nurse in his hospital out to the front and go into the streets and make every Y. M. C. A. and R. C. lady he met take off their belts and their uniforms and, putting them into nursing clothes, make them leave the cigarettes and the letter writing undone. *Take care of the wounded.* "My God," he said, "our men are dying for lack of nurses, and these damn fool people are wasting their capacity for saving them, in 'extras.'" . . . He has seen so much in the last few days of overcrowding and understaffing that he is very intolerant of anything which is non-essential. He sounded just like the British General did on Monday, only Joe gets so upset that his eyes are full of tears and he feels he ought to work day and night and kill himself.

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Mind you, *now* we can't blame anybody. We have our own army with its own service and we are not relying on the French. Military necessity should demand that our medical service shall be as well done as any other service, for in the long run military efficiency will be harmed.

Oh, if only we were not so pleased with ourselves as a nation, so sure that we did everything better than anybody else.

One message home I wish I could give with wide publicity, and that is: "Stop sending lady helpers, stop cheering the soldier on his way to the front, and send nurses to save his life on his way back from the front, and to help him in his death hour when he is wounded beyond help. Stop sending anything but the things for the care of the wounded, leave the candies and the presents unsent, *save* our men, care for them, let their wives and their sisters and their sweethearts come over and nurse anywhere, for everywhere women to nurse are needed. And I say even, stop sending troops until we have all the doctors, surgeons and nurses and hospital supplies we need to give care to those of our men who are over here."

And every one who knows what the war conditions here are, from the front to the rear, will say exactly the same thing.

The war is won, yes, but there is bitter fighting

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ahead, and we shall have many, many to care for and to bury.

My heart is all sore and aching . . . I cannot write any more.

Fortoiseau, Tuesday, October 29.

Such a mixture of feelings, such a whirlpool of opinions as I listened to yesterday. An Italian told me how Italy was winning the war, a Frenchman that Clemenceau was very much upset at Wilson's note, because if they had a revolution "à la Russe" in Germany, there would be one here; another Frenchman, that they didn't want the Italians to do anything but remain quiet, as they feared if they did "marche" it might be a débacle, followed by a "marche" back to Rome.

Then the American officer, W. S., told me that it was just the time for London and Paris to begin to belittle all we had done to help win the war, so as to arrange the peace terms without us . . . he also said the war was about over. He looked rather thin and sober. The Officers' College had evidently been hard work.

Then all kinds of conflicting tales about what will be the state of affairs here after the war . . . some of them made me feel I had better pack up and board on any old boat and get the children home . . . but last night, both Joe and D. gave me some pretty good arguments to prove that France will steady herself and right herself, and

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settle the various questions that are bound to come, without any "sabotage."

In the midst of our conversation came the telephoned news of the Austrian note and Ludendorff's resignation. Both of equal importance. The German army has lost a great General, who saved them from real defeat, and I am sure that a military disaster will end the war on the battlefield before long.

It seems as if I could not visualize the fact that it is nearly over, that the last act is unfolding its scenes even as I write, and that before this reaches you the curtain may have been rung down. What times to have been alive in, but oh, how weary our souls are, and how much sadness we shall carry in our hearts through the rest of our lives. I don't care how lonely all you women are over there in America, it's not anything like having been here within sight of the suffering, within the sound of the guns. . . . I wonder, shall I ever make you *feel* the war, as I have felt it, in those days to come, when we shall have some long hours together and speak of all the things left unwritten. . . .

Today Ivy H. is being decorated with the croix de guerre by General Maudhuy, with a citation from General Petain. It's a glorious day. I can see her up there near the front, standing out in the sunlight with shining eyes and a beating heart,

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listening to those words . . . and she deserves it, for she has done a great deal, and without the advertisement which other American women have gotten. . . . The R. C. ladies are being quite nasty about it, and they need not be, for she won her cross caring for the soldiers in her own canteen, at Compiègne under fire. NOT in Paris. No cinema business about her.

Fortoiseau, October 31, 1918.

General H. inspected the hospital yesterday. He gave the nurses the devil because the men's shirts were not straight in the closet. He thought the kitchen and closets were untidy. The surgical side of the hospital he seemed to think was all right. It is a pity they are not more particular at the front of their men's care and food and all the things the service of supplies is responsible for. The papers received by this morning's mail are full of a lot of truck about the wonderful way everything is being done in the S. O. S.

And yet I am wondering if some things aren't beginning to tell on the morale of our men. It seems that when the General spoke to the men in the hospital yesterday telling them how they must be wanting to go back to get at the Germans, they nearly all said they have had enough of it. After the first battles at Soissons and in the Chateau-Thierry district they are all crazy to

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get back. I don't like to see this change. It would not be a good factor if they were to be in for a long war. I have heard so much lately that I can't write.

This morning's news about Turkey and the Allied Conference at Versailles makes me feel that it is over. Even now they are deciding the terms. Before we know it, the news will be published that Germany has surrendered and accepted the Allies' terms. I don't think anything will be published until it is finished. Germany *is* beaten. She *has* to surrender, and for the future peace of the world it will be better to make a just peace. By "just" I mean that Germany shall pay for Belgian and French destruction, a certain indemnity to France for the cost of the war, Alsace and Lorraine, a satisfactory arrangement with Great Britain about her fleet and her colonies, and getting out of Russia. A real getting out of Russia, not a sham one, and the crawling in by the back-door of commerce. The Balkans restored to the normal boundaries and Austria left to put her house in order herself. I fail to see why it is Wilson's job to "tidy up" in any European country. I wish he would remember that there once was a man called Monroe who knew a thing or two about foreign alliances.

If peace comes now it is the best moment for us all. France has a strong government. Clem-

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ceau has not been at the helm so long that he is war-weary and politic-weary, and he can handle demobilization as it should be handled. English socialists are in a row with the labor party, and Henderson is not the strong man he was a year ago.

We ourselves can settle our labor questions better now than after a long war. Our army comes out of it with flying colors and much real glory, and a certainly not decreasing inefficiency of the S. O. S. will not have had time to do dangerous harm to the morale of our soldiers.

I think you will find that this will be about the lines the Allies will follow. I can't tell what the "associate" will do, as I am near the war and see things differently than they sound as if they saw them in Washington. One word more, don't believe all you are told about the attitude of Clemenceau and Lloyd George towards the President, nor all you read in the papers.

I am deaf from the noise of the whisperings against him I have listened to over here. I think he has more popularity in the United States than anywhere else. And yet I can see where there are certain reasons why an answer had to be made by somebody to Germany. The voice from Washington is calmer than the voices from the heart of countries crushed by suffering, agony and the facts of war. Remember the war has not been at America's door-step nor on her soil.

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These people are very bitter about Germany, and "just peace" makes them flame up in anger. They say there can be no justice for a country that has brought all this into the world. Pay, pay she *must* and *shall*. So, perhaps it is better that as long as she *is* beaten, an outsider should have spoken. I don't believe any Frenchman or any Englishman would have heard Germany's voice. The guns have deafened them as they have deafened me. Mind you, I am trying to answer you sanely and quietly and yet I have a terrible feeling about Germany. I can't see how ever I could have a German-made article in my house, nor touch a German hand, nor smile into a German face.

I could not have answered as Wilson did, no more than any of these people over here could.

Germany is the brigand who broke into the house, and she must pay the price just as any other malefactor would. And yet the war can't go on forever, and as long as Germany surrenders I suppose it's for the best. Only I would rather Wilson wrote those notes and not I.

I wonder how much of the war my babies will remember. The other evening the eldest built a tall house with her blocks and the baby shoved it down. "Let's pretend that was a house destroyed by bombs from the naughty German airplanes," she said. And then she turned to me. "Won't

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those naughty Germans be far enough away from me for us to have cake again, and after the war, mother, will you stop talking about the naughty Germans?"

I wonder what her little mind makes of it all. Even Joan echoes her and brings the naughty Germans into her play.

Fortoiseau, November 5, 1918.

I was in town yesterday. The apartment is all in order. It is really beautiful. My bedroom especially. Wait until you see the place. When I was there, somehow, I felt as if never could I pull up stakes and go back to my fierce country, which is full of so much that is fine, so much that's great and some things that are "rotten."

Your newspaper clippings interested me. The closing statement of Baker was a classic. That beats anything yet.

I am interested to see that the "notes" were not so popular over there as we were told here they were. The trouble over there is so obvious. No aurist can cure the habit of keeping the ear to the ground and listening for votes.

The delay in W.'s letters is probably due to the fact that he is moving so fast. So is the war. Watch the Austrian front if Germany doesn't make peace at once. She has defeat staring her in the face before the New Year, no matter what she does and in spite of Wilson.

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I saw Colonel House in a large automobile yesterday. He always wears a high hat. Over here only the mutes who follow funerals wear high hats nowadays. They are not the fashion. But House is rather a mute, somewhat akin to the dormouse, which you remember was continually pushed into the teapot at Alice's tea party.

After all this is still war. It would seem as if in certain circles in Washington one must be a politician. Perhaps it is no longer the fashion to be a statesman in the United States.

Fortoiseau, November 7, 1918.

I wish you had been at lunch yesterday. Joe and a Frenchman, whom I shall call X.

In the first place B. was very cheerful. He was the first courier to come to Paris by motor from the Hague. He said that the food conditions in Germany are not as bad as we think they are, and that there is NOT going to be any revolution there, but a constitutional monarchy, and that England doesn't want a revolution any more than France does. Furthermore, he thought that the war would either be over at once, or in three months.

Then we got on the U. S. . . . I led on the Frenchman, and he got going about Wilson in an astonishing manner. Does he think he is KING of the U. S.? And also King of France and Eng-

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land? Nowhere are the present elections in America being followed with more interest than in Paris . . . we have always admired the Americans for the silent way they have done everything, and now for months we hear big talk, endless notes . . . the other day a "letter" near the top of the alphabet said: "Le bon Dieu se contente de 12 conditions, mais ce Wilson, il lui en faut 14. . . ."

Later I hear more from other sources. Of how our army had come near defeat at a certain time not long ago, only a fluke had saved us from what might have been a disaster, the details given made me shiver. That moment passed . . . and always, they say our men are the greatest fighters, the most courageous soldiers, etc. BUT and the BUTS are inexcusable.

The news today shows that it is over, for never would Germany have sent her emissaries to Foch now, after the conditions given to Austria, unless the game is up. Evidently England has asserted herself about the SEA questions, hence the two British Admirals with Foch, and the two German Generals have two Admirals with them. . . .

I can't get my mind used to it . . . those terrible black days of the early summer are before me . . . it is as I wrote you long ago. The German HOUSE of CARDS is crumbling . . . and tomorrow is pregnant with peace. No need for

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the new plans ready and perhaps under way, which lead me to write you to watch the Austrian front.

Thanksgiving Day this year will be the greatest Thanksgiving in our history. All the world will celebrate with us.

The news of the election returns from America look good to me. And I am sure the work of readjustment will be safer with the balance of a Republican majority in the Senate and the House. We are over a year from 1920 and much mischief may be done in that time.

The Russian question will have to be solved, and I'm wondering if a part of our army will not be kept to solve it. Bloodshed and anarchy like that must be cut down by the sword, and a monarchy of some kind restored. Russian ignorance has not education enough to be a republic. They will have to be more developed than they are now. In twenty years, perhaps, but I doubt it even then.

Fortoiseau, Wednesday, November 13, 1918.

Monday I went into Paris early. The city was quiet and silent, the morning papers seemed to think that there might be delay in the signing of the armistice, because of the revolution in Germany, and a terrible, sickening fear came into my heart. . . . Bolshevism in Germany, TOO NEAR, delay might bring dissatisfaction here,

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then there might be trouble. . . . I can't tell you the strange feeling I had, that we were on the edge of a volcano, that Bolshevism is as contagious as the grippe, that a spark might light a blaze, and the whole fabric of the existing order be rent asunder and anarchy march its bloody way over us all . . . it was ghastly terror I had, stupid, unreasoning . . . then a little before eleven the guns boomed, and I knew the armistice was signed.

I went out and down the Champs-Élysées, and already, as if by magic, all the buildings had flags out, crowds were marching in the street, singing, waving flags, and the men and women were kissing the soldiers, whether they were French, or American or British, and every motor with soldiers in it was cheered and waved to. In the Place de la Concorde the crowd was denser, and as I passed, a golden laurel crown was being placed on the head of "Strasbourg," and the crowd went mad . . . the tears came into my eyes. So often and so long I have passed that statue with its face swathed in old crepe . . . so many have been killed for this day to dawn, all the suffering I have seen in these four long years made my heart ache and even in the joy of the HOUR of VICTORY, the sadness was there, and always that strange fear of tomorrow. I can't tell why I have it so, for I STILL have it, and

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last night I lay awake wondering if it would be safe for me to move my children into Paris on Thursday . . . perhaps it's the "let-down" now it's all over that has unnerved me so.

Yesterday I went over to lunch with the General at Melun, and blurted out all my fears to him as if he had been my father; he answered me by facts and statements, such as these: Anarchy is bred of defeat, this country is a victorious country, with nothing to "Bolshevisé" for, the man at the head of the government is a strong one, the man at the head of the army is a strong one too, the morale of the troops is GOOD, no chance of their going up in the air. The socialists in France are a really small minority, and consist only of the city workers; money in France, land in France, is so divided up that too many people have property, and any anarchistic movement would be instantly stopped. And from his information, there is no indication of any feeling of trouble, for the joy of victory is genuine and all through France. The ovation to Clemenceau at the "séance" on Monday was magnificent and he is just the man to handle the demobilization. In fact certain plans are already afoot, concerning, for instance, "allocations" which it is proposed to continue to the woman until two months after her man has been home, to give each returning soldier a bonus of about five hundred francs to

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start off again, to at once begin the transforming of the usine de guerre into usines for the construction of what is destroyed in France, for all the necessary implements of reconstruction and normal life . . . no "chomage" to be allowed.

He seemed to think that the German revolution was in hand, and would not go as the Russian one did. . . .

And yet when I read of the general strike in Switzerland in the papers this morning that same sickening fear crept into my heart again. So I called the General up and told him I was worrying again, and he was emphatic in his assurances that there is no reason or sense in my getting so worked up.

The funny part of it is that I am sure I am crazy to stew this way and am mad at myself . . . it seems as if after all the anxieties of last spring and summer, when I really did try to keep brave with the guns booming as they did and the news worse every day, I ought now to be completely relieved and happy. Perhaps it's nerves too long controlled. I only hope it is not premonition . . . and whatever it is, believe me it is making me a nuisance to myself . . . write me. And write me true what people who know are saying in New York.

Will write next time from Paris, and I hope in a more peaceful frame of mind.

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Later.

I've read over all I've written, and I am ashamed of myself . . . there is no earthly reason why I should feel this way. It's just my damned old SELF, the same old self which has always been my greatest enemy. At this hour, the hour of France's victory, it is an insult to her, to her marvelous army, to her unselfish people, to her dead, to her great men in public and private life, to doubt of her in this way. And I really don't. France has weathered the storm in all its blackness, she has faced the possibility of defeat, and has always had enough of the best in human nature in her people to come through even the darkest hour. What right have I, who really have not suffered through the war, who have lost no one I cared for, to cast the shadow of doubt on the glorious day of victory?

France shall emerge greater than before, tempered by her sufferings and able to handle all the vexed questions of "readjustment" as she can well handle them. My glooms are nonsense, and I almost feel I ought not to mail this letter.

I may, and I may not. If I do, let it be a self-revelation, and try and like me in spite of my glaring cowardice. I remember once when I was a very little girl, there was much talk of a comet approaching the earth, and that I used to lie in bed at night and worry lest it would strike the

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earth. I got into a panic about it for nights . . . today I've got just that same idiotic kind of a panic.

And I ought to be taken by the back of the neck and shaken hard. I'm doing it mentally to myself.

In this hour it is up to each and all to keep our courage high, and our faith in France and England must be the mainstay of our hearts. They have been great in adversity, may they be even greater in the new era coming in their victory . . . "Vive la France," and "Vive la Republique."

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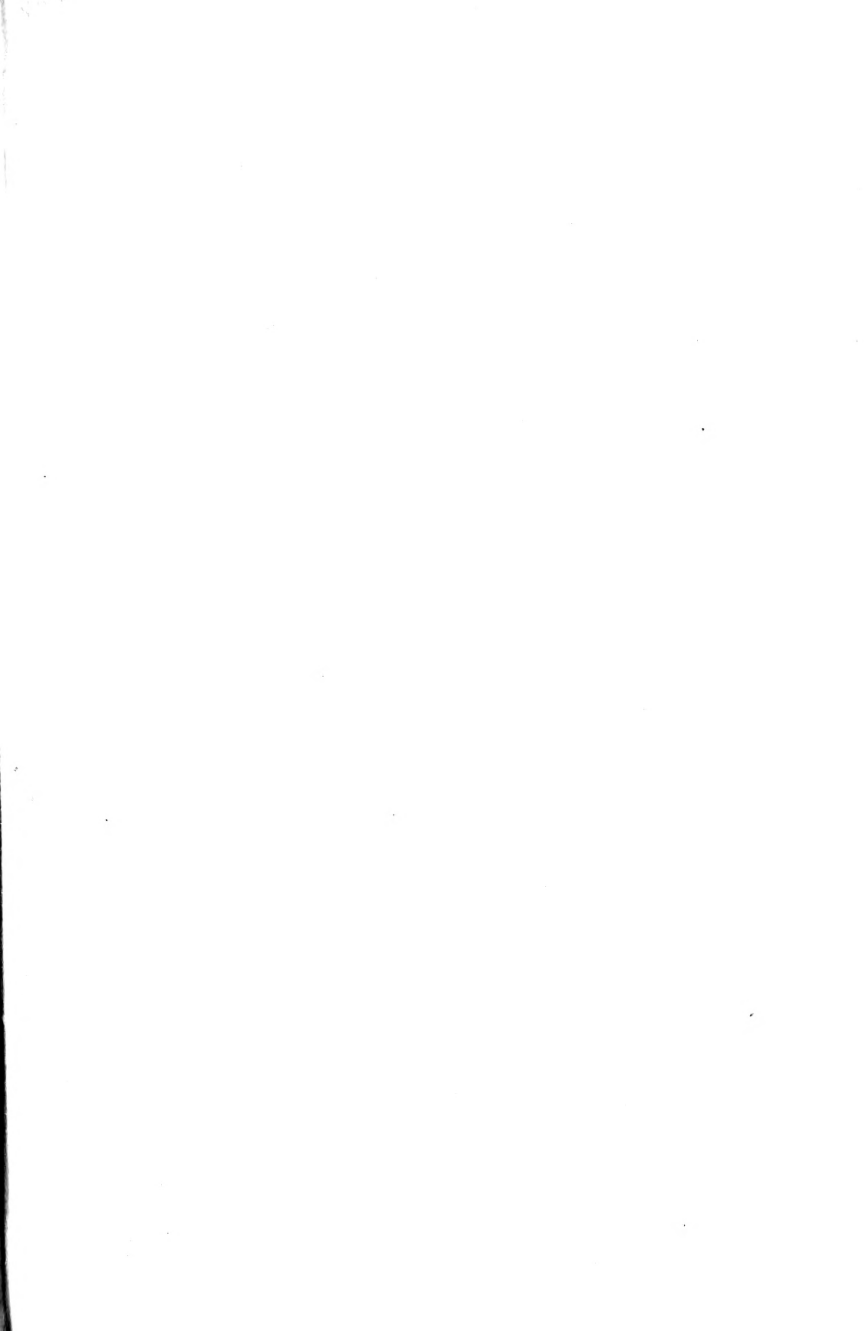
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